

# Maclean's



SEPTEMBER 17, 1979

75¢



## THE NEW HIGH ROLLERS

Canada's celebrity lawyers

Plotting  
NATO's future



SEPTEMBER 17, 1979

VOL. 93 NO. 38

### 'Federalist separatists'

**Bored and subdued**—Prime Trudeau appears to be more interested in fixing on the Parti Québécois than tackling Joe Clark and regaining his former status. **Page 37**

## Setting sails to the wind

Surf's up across Canada as thousands of water enthusiasts take to the lakes on surfboards, some even bouncing across the waves carrying partners on their shoulders. **Page 36**

## COVER STORY

### The new high rollers

Canada boasts a rare, elite circle of advocates who share a celebrity's lifestyle, an unquenchable thirst for courtroom drama and a passion for justice. Leading the group is Toronto criminal lawyer Edward Cosman (featured on *Michael's* cover), who may be the next decade's Clarence Darrow. But fame and fortune does have its price: 16-hour workdays and a strained social life to name two.

**Page 8**

### Cuba crisis revisited?

The presence of Soviet troops was not to be used as another Cuban missile crisis, soothed President Carter, but angry U.S. senators were demanding their withdrawal. **Page 20**

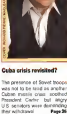
### The calligraphy of pain

To me to live on the sea is to have arrived reflects Irish-born novelist Brian Moore. Leading a self-exiled life in Mexico, he looks at home writing about Canadians. **Page 4**

## Dining Out-

**Dining Out-**  
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by Smirnoff



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From the same respondents 2.00 percent

## After Mountbatten, terrorists set their sights on 'prestige' targets



British troops in Belfast: obvious logic

When Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin was attacked in the 1930s for his failure to re-arm Britain against the growing Nazi threat, he replied in exasperation: "The member will always get through." Nearly half a century later, the government of Margaret Thatcher is faced with a depressingly similar prospect, that the determined terrorist will always get through.

Thatcher's Labor predecessor, Jim Callaghan, used precisely those words the other day when speaking about the latest monstrous act of an increasingly well-equipped and resilient set of Irish terrorists—the murders, all on one day, at Lord Mountbatten, two of his family, an Irish teenage boy and 16 British soldiers.

Backroom defense analysts in London now are reaching conclusions markedly different from the optimistic press assessments that lead to success from British military commanders and secretaries of state for Ulster. "Getting on top of the game" used to be the favored phrase, but today's terrorist, tightly organized and with a modern arsenal at his fingertips, is a different, far more dangerous opponent.

The day after the Mountbatten murder, *The Evening Standard* published an article headed "Are the IRA winning?" In it, historian and former *New Statesman* editor Paul Johnson said flatly that Britain was losing the war against terrorism in Northern Ireland. He cited two closely researched documents: a confidential study by British military intelligence—one copy of

which went unceremoniously "hustled" in the British postal system last spring and ended up in IRA hands—and an analysis published in June by the London-based, privately funded Institute for the Study of Conflict (ISC).

Both make disturbing reading. They reveal that since 1977 the Provisional IRA has been completely reorganized, re-equipped and retrained, with some international help from Middle East guerrillas and Banque Arabians. The group's structure is now smaller than before—with perhaps 400 to 500 activists—but is more dedicated and disciplined, tightly organized into cells of fewer than six people. These groups are often told only of their immediate task but nothing about the larger organization, so they can reveal little even under interrogation. After an assignment they disperse and called upon again. *The Financial Times* and recently *the New Yorker* have also reported that some senior police and army officers think the IRA in this new form "cannot be defeated."

Another terrorist group, the Irish National Liberation Army (INLA), is a Marxist organization which split from the provos in 1975. It is financed, equipped and trained largely by the Soviet Bloc and its allies, and also enjoys Middle East terrorist support, according to the int report. The INLA broke into prominence last spring when it killed two IRA Army men with a bomb blast in

liver, he would have become Ulster secretary (and a tough, canny one) in the Thatcher government.

With these rival groups at work, the military report predicts that the potential for violence will remain for the next four years at least, no matter what surface "peace" is established. For the moment, there is no peace on any front, since there is apparently a bloody recommitment rivalry well under way between the IRA and Provisional IRA. In this grimy contest the killing of Army men would have been superseded in "prestige" value by the murder of the Queen's elderly cousin, and the deadly competition for even bigger targets will probably continue.

If the terrorists' plan is to take over government (and after making Ulster ungovernable by anyone else) they will need some popular support. Despite that fact, however, the IRA gunmen have demonstrated frequently that they do not care whether they kill members of their own Catholic community in their operations. As *The Observer* commented in an editorial, their own secret is that such people "ought to be proud to have a chance of dying for Ireland, and if they are not proud... they don't deserve to live."

Their logic is not that of normal people, perhaps because they are convinced history is on their side. Their secret is like psychopaths—like the so-called "Yorkshire Ripper" who recently claimed his 13th victim in northern England—who tend to expose half the time as ordinary men with normal human pursuits and attachments. But for the other half, they are as dangerous as nitroglycerin. It is a problem Britain—and Ireland—will have to live with for many years, and perhaps many tragedies yet to come.

Carol Kennedy



Young terrorists in Belfast: more British targets as dangerous as nitroglycerin

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Greenspan in his private law library  
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## The new high rollers

By Barbara Arnold

On May 2, 1979, Kellie Everts, "The Girl Who Straps for God," ended her performance with just one more riving of her 45-lb. bosom, leaped over the edge of the stage of Toronto's Metro Theatre and blew a few moist, fuchsia-colored kisses before backing into the wings. When she returned onstage, all covered up in an opaque robe, Ms. Everts prepared to go about the business of saving souls. As she started reciting selected religious readings, the theatre began to empty. "Please," she implored the vanishing

men, "stay I desire for Jesus Christ and your salvation." Not according to Toronto police who quickly charged the stripper with "an indecent act."

But a few nights later Everts was back onstage—albeit with her dressage, bible and hamlets "Woe, Kellie," shouted one man in the audience, "what about the police charges?" Everts winked jauntily to the footlights. "My manager got me a lawyer," she said, "and he's the best lawyer in Canada, maybe the world. His name is . . . in . . ." She stopped and concentrated her all on remembering his name. The audience came to her rescue. "Eddie Greenspan,"

they shouted helpfully. Everts smiled beneficently. "Yeah, Eddie Greenspan."

In the high-profile world of criminal lawyers, Toronto's Edward L. Greenspan, editor of Martin's Criminal Code, editor-in-chief of Canadian Criminal Cases as well as associate editor of a handful of other legal publications, lecturer in criminal law at the University of Toronto Law School and criminal prosecutor at Osgoode Hall, occupies a uniquely viable position in Canadian legal society. Still, even in the no-nonsense world of criminal law, it is rare for a lawyer's name to strike a memory chord in the \$150-a-seat, Thursday-night burlesque audience. Greenspan is on his way to the position of criminal lawyers' fast-trackee when the *Glenn Gould* award whose name becomes a household word. Far more importantly, together with a handful of tough dedicated lawyers across Canada, Greenspan is part of an elite group in his profession that constitutes society's best defence—maybe only defence—against the abuse of individual free-



Over and his library behind the police of elegance, a deadly legal mind

dom and human rights at a time when these rights are under severe attack.

Their names surface among court watchers in Montreal, the elegant Michel Poulin, the painted arguments of Harvey Yarosky, in Toronto, the velvet-tongued David Humphrey, the street-fighter Earl Leroy, who was the only acquitted in the notorious conspiracy murder of 19-year-old shoeshine boy, Emanuel Jacques, in Vancouver, the superb advocacy of Joe Wood. It is legal music coming in in the tradition of the Grand Old Men of the breed—13

Robson, 75, probably the finest criminal lawyer Canada has seen, G. Arthur Martin, 66, now on the Ontario Court of Appeal, Saskatchewan's 57-year human rights advocate Morris C. Shwartscher, G. Milton Harwood, 57, gone from pleading at the bar to the Alberta Supreme Court bench.

The names conjure up some of Canada's most heinous crimes and criminals. But criminal law is more than the defence of a small, unpleasant minority of men and women caught in nefarious deeds. Cases such as Everts' raise important issues. How far can the state go in legislating personal taste and morality? Other criminal cases raise issues

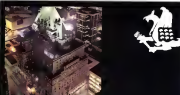
of similar importance. Will the police be able to listen in at will to our private conversations? Can the state spy and collect files on citizens without giving them a day in court? And finally, but perhaps most importantly, will the Canadian Bill of Rights, for one theoretical protection against arbitrary authority, remain nothing but dead letters in some dusty books?

For the criminal lawyer this is also a world of constant risk. Will he, like a one-shot television star, be only as good as his last case? The price tag, too, for success is often high. "The problems with heavy drinking, broken marriages and nervous breakdowns among criminal lawyers is no secret," said one leading member of the Ontario Bar. "They just come in under all the constant pressures."

But at the top of the legal rewards are staggering six-figure incomes, prestige, fame and the satisfaction of actually being able to effect some real change in the laws that govern us. They are celebrities who work hard and play well.

Edward L. Greenspan "I haven't really known anyone so totally consumed by his work," says Professor Harry Arthurs, former dean of Osgoode Hall. "But Greenspan compensates by being very humane, generous and frankly humorous about both himself and the system in which he works." Honored as Edward Greenspan's trade mark, occasionally it may border on the masochistic. Asked what his strategy would be for the juvenile he is defending in a rape-and-murder case that aroused much abhorrence because the victim was in her 80s, Greenspan looked quizzically at the questioner and replied without a flicker. "Our position will be that she was lying about her age."

At his age, 36, Greenspan has it all—including a \$225,000 house in North Toronto (purchased last year, coinciding with his deep-seated swimming pool and matching kidney-shaped marble bath off the master bedroom) and his ex-wife, Moroccan-born wife, Ray, with her mini-and-match-furni in storage and this year's wedding anniversary gift of a beige pool section securely in place. A beige 1978 Lincoln Continental sits in his driveway next to Ray's 1978 goldfish Mustang, and the live-in help is tucked away in one wing of the house. "If the Arabs cost me \$1,000 a week in gas for this car," says Greenspan as he drives to supper at Watson's, one of Toronto's finer restaurants, and parks the Lincoln directly out front in a two-way zone, "I'll still keep this car. I'll be buried in it."



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He has earned it. Spectacular victories this year alone included an acquittal for insurance salesman Gordon Allen charged with the murder of Toronto lawyer Bruce Levens. The sensational case looked disastrous for Allen when his co-accused—Levens's blonde wife and Allen's ex-mistress—swore witness for the prosecution. It was a superb example of Greenspan's best work: tough cross-examination and relentless research. Along the way he successfully challenged forensic tests that had long been taken for granted in establishing bloodstains. After some homework and sudden inspiration, Greenspan realized that some tests alone without additional information could not distinguish between blood and paint jobs.

Following the Levens trial came a much-publicized acquittal for Montreal establishment chief Gerald Pilon, holder of the Order of Canada, former publisher of *Le Devoir* and retired president of Marine Industries. Of the 11 high-powered clients in the dredging industry's bid-rigging scandal, Pilon was the only major defendant acquitted—as a result of what one judge later privately described as the best jury address in Canadian criminal history.

The price for his success: 18-hour workdays, 2 1/2 packs of cigarettes a day, hamburgers at 2 a.m. and then back to the law books. With all this comes a sacrifice: that's not without its own trials as his wife tries to cope with a husband who sleeps in downtown hotels next to the courthouses when he's in the middle of a trial. "I think you'd better go home," said Greenspan's executive assistant Frances Boggis tactfully to him when he flew in from Vancouver after a four-day-long trial and telephoned his office from Toronto's airport to get his day's schedule. "Why?" asked Greenspan, confused, planning on going to a seminar immediately and then to the night-school class he teaches. "Because Suzie's looking you out of the house," replied Briggs.

But swimming pools and Las Vegas and his no-frills place in publicity rank second on his list of priorities. The law is Greenspan's life. He even continues to do legal aid work when the defendant or the case intrigues him. "I'm not interested in cases," he says. "I'm interested in particular men."

The man, but adherence of capital punishment (he argued the case against it for the Civil Liberties Union in front of the Supreme Court of Canada and lastly prisoners' rights, freedom of information, and most importantly, his continuing campaign against the burial

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of the Canadian Bill of Rights.

In the end, though, it is that area of law that lawyer lawyers consider "technical stuff" that Greenspan sees as the fundamental protection of all procedure, which really means due process. It is procedure that protects the accused from illegally obtained evidence or heavy trials Justice delayed is not, as popular adage, "justice denied" but, in many cases, as Greenspan points out, "the only hope for justice." What the great American law professor Alexander Bickel has called "the morality of process" is, in Greenspan's opinion, the province of a free society. "The old system of putting the accused's hands in hot oil and finding him guilty if he blisters certainly had 'speed and efficiency' going for it," remarks Greenspan tartly. "Well, we've come a long way since then. Recently senior justice officials in Ontario—with legal aid societies in mind—said that defense counsel should put aside the old adage of 'doing everything for their client' and start considering costs and efficiency. It's utter madness. This is not General Motors. It's not a profession law."

**Michel Proulx** He sits in his Montreal office, tanned from a month's holiday in Cape Cod. He should be rested, too—Proulx takes a couple of months off each summer now—but his lean body seems desperate to spring out of the straitjacket of corpulence he has assumed. He is the epitome of elegance—pure silk shirt spotlessly white, pleated skirt, uncreased shoes. The only accessory missing is an air of relaxation. At 44, Proulx is in the peak of his legal career. The mean highway years are over. Forced to leave home at 15 and brought up by Jews, he worked his way through college and spent the next 15 years building an astonishing record as a criminal lawyer.

It was Proulx who challenged Provision 5 of the War Measures Act which denied lawyers to those arrested and on Oct. 28, 1970, won a court decision that overturned it. It was Proulx, dramatic, his arms spread to emphasize a point, eyes fixed like a cat's on a quarry, who took the commissioners of over-zealous commissions of inquiry to task—and to court. For Proulx, such commissions (e.g. Quebec's Keable Commission investigating the murder, the Quebec murder probe) are a throwback to the Star Chamber. "These commissions of inquiry are used to bypass the so-called inconvenience of our criminal justice system," explains Proulx. "You are called to a witness. It is true you are not as accused. But you have no right to silence, you are not protected against

self-incrimination. And if somebody says something adverse to you which causes your reputation, you had no right to cross-examine that witness or check his testimony. Often it is all on television and reputations are ruined and people watch it like a soap opera."

Proulx insists on the barriers of the commission in his newly enlarged office ("Don't look at this mess," he says, sweeping arms taking in the handsome leather desk, matching studded chairs, and banks of green, healthy plants. "It's all going to be redecorated.") The very dignity of the broadloom and the sweep of his office indicate the comfort that comes with success. What also comes with it, in Proulx's case, are two broken marriages, four children, almost 10 years ago, and now this sense, feverish about him. "It is the strain," he explains. "Everything depends on your performance. If you lose a case, that may be it. If you are known as a loser that may be the end. And you can't win all the cases."

Because of all this, and perhaps because of the special pleasure of the new winnow in his life, Toronto Star pensioning writer Brenda Toole, Proulx is examining the real cost of the broadloom and silk shirts. "For years I have done nothing but work. And I suffered emotionally, too, and others did around me. I worry too much for my clients. But maybe that is the source of my success in my case."

He still teaches at McGill law school, writes and speaks constantly on social and legal issues and frets at the mention of the relaxed life that could be his on the beach. "Believe me," he says, "I finger a chilled glass of white wine with his lunch and sip it slowly. 'I think I will enjoy living,' he says dramatically, his chair tilted back in the summertime chair of the Place Ville-Marie outdoor cafe. "See, is do what I did in my personal life, to bring the changes with marriage and children, I must still believe in life. I still believe in love." The pretty girls sit at the Place Ville-Marie looking wistfully at Michel Proulx as he strides back to his office to "reconsider" his life.

**Tom Broadwood** The Vancouver legal establishment has a style all of its own. Its sparsely elegantly to the plaid fields of the (major) British public schools. Hence the office decor heavy on dark wood, permanent lamps and grand father clocks. But its ceremonial self-glories in the West Coast ambience of shiny automobiles and nautical gear in the 40-foot-deep-six class Broadwood sits easily in his corner office at Broadwood, Naitali, MacKenzie, Brewer,

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Greiffel & Company. He has all the right trappings, from office with dark stained wood walls to a 40-foot sleep (valued at about \$150,000) and the silver Mercedes with blue leather upholstery.

But something about Bradwood is slightly out of kilter. He is not Ken or Roger Canada College. He is the Vancouver-born son of an immigrant butcher and this 15th-floor spread of offices has most hard work and tough efforting. He is current, happily married and, in spite of his two-month sabbatical vacation (a luxury I started a couple of years ago), he has a consuming passion about his work that takes him into the library at 7 a.m. when working on a case. "He is, in a word," says a close friend and professional colleague, "one of the few people in our bar who is square—and in the criminal bar, frankly, you can't be square."

But even Bradwood's square world has its gritty edges. Like all those immersed in the rule of law, he has found himself drawn increasingly into the role of social reformer. "I'm no reformer or activist," he mutters, "but some of these things are just going too far."

"These things" include most especially Canada's wiretap legislation. "Look," says Bradwood, "the police are tapping public pay phones and picking up everyone's conversations. They tap their phones and listen in on your teenagers' conversations at the wife's talks with her girl-friend. There's no end to it. I think the time has come to organize lawyers and do something about it." Of equal concern is Bradwood in the practice of the Crown paying witnesses

Bradwood to his wood-paneled office: a square world has its gritty edges



Phillips and Zorzy celebrating it's not all bad news, while wine and silk shirts

jump suits to give evidence. "I had a case in which a witness, who was in jail, got \$10,000 for his testimony against my client. Now what if I had offered that to a witness for the defense? I'd be disbarred."

In fact, the only place Bradwood ever came close to being disbarred from was the West Vancouver Yacht Club when in March, 1978, he took on the appeal of nightclub owner Joseph Phillips. For 38 years Phillips had been in the nightclub-business-entertainment business. When prosecutors were arrested at his Penthouse Cabaret, in December, 1975, Phillips was charged with living off the assets of prostitutes. Two days later the Liquor Control Board informed him he would not get a liquor license for his nightclub in 1976. Phillips protested that in Canada, at least, a man was presumed innocent until proven

guilty. The liquor board was unmoved.

After Phillips had a meeting at his home with an Italian acquaintance on the liquor board (who donned a golden body-pack sound recorder for the occasion), he was charged with bribing a city official and given a three-year probationary sentence. The bribe two bottles of liquor and a cake baked by his mother. Bradwood was the appeal. Dismissed, Vancouver city council passed a special bylaw to deny Phillips any liquor license. Bradwood fought the city council, too—in court—and won.

At the yacht club the over-square man Bradwood found himself the object of so-called discreet remarks about "how could you take on people like that as clients. We have families, you know." Remembers Bradwood: "I just shrugged the warty remarks off. You see, I have a family as well. I guess you could say I fight for the right kind of world for them."

H.A.D. (Bert) Oliver "The longer you practice the more you become aware that the career of any respectable person is destroyed by a criminal case. It doesn't have to be murder. It doesn't have to be rape. It can be an impaired driving charge for a drunk driver," says Vancouver lawyer H.A.D. (Bert) Oliver, 58. He should know. In between the impaired driving case he has handled more than two dozen murder cases. This month two more are involving an American woman "who is alleged to have shot her mediocre ex-husband in the presence of her husband's closest lady friend" in a Vancouver hotel room; the other "involving an East Indian

gentleman who was present in a parking lot in North Vancouver when another East Indian gentleman unfortunately found himself with a knife between his ribs."

They are sordid little tales that contrast sharply with the careful enunciation and deliberate elegance of Oliver's speech, in his case, not affectation, but the result of an English upbringing complete with public-school education, military career and law articles served in London. His courtroom appearances are devastating. His out-of-court appearances are no less dramatic. The 1962 Bentley is in perfect condition with the license plate, Cocal 18, pointedly reflecting Oliver's status as Liberal's second general in Western Canada. His profile on the Vancouver social circuit is well known.

But behind the patina of elegance is a deadly serious legal mind. Remembered cases include the notorious 1968 Salter's Angels (about which, on my Sierra Hall, wrote the book, *The Devil's Butler*). A young hippie youth kidnapped by the gang of motorcyclists was forced to play "baiter" in their perverted and sadistic demands. Oliver lost, but his skill in a bad cause was in the best traditions of the art of advocacy.

Oliver sees the advocate's role as an increasingly uphill and one-sided battle. "Traditionally Crown counsel is there to place before the jury and the court, all the evidence, whether it sustains the Crown or the defense," he says. But such ideals have long vanished. Evidence helpful to the defense is "conveniently forgotten" and, says Oliver, "if there are any shades which can be played in the way of the defense—they are played. Some of these practices in England even today would be grounds for disbarment. But here it is a development encouraged by the bench, encouraged by the media, encouraged by the attorney-general of the province, encouraged by the minister of justice and perhaps encouraged by public opinion."

They fight for the right to fair trials and for the citizen to have his day in court. Fairly they do not fight as hard as they might because it is, in Michel Petral's words, "trying to have everyone against you—in the courts, the judiciary, the media, the public." The good life is there to be enjoyed. Perhaps it has a special taste of honey after acrimonious encounters with both criminals and their accusers. An understanding of the dry wit in our courts and criminal system does not require—or even breed—sardonyism. Just, sometimes, a special breed of excellence. ☐

## The Alternative.



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# Candid cameras

In *The Police and the Public*... (July 30), Barbara Amiel's comments concerning British Columbia's extensive 10-month pilot project of videotaping suspected impaired drivers are misleading. It appears as though she didn't realize that the drivers' appearance on camera was entirely voluntary. Relatively few drivers refuse, as the average drinking driver seldom realizes his degree of impairment. Cartoonist Thach Bea, whose amusing work accompanied the column, was wrong in presenting that drivers were videotaped at the roadside. The procedure was always carried out indoors in the relative calm of a police detachment office where a fixed black and white camera recorded the driver doing typical sobriety tests requested by police everywhere. While it is true that in B.C. wearing cars and cocktails can result in your being on camera, it has also resulted in the dismissal of an impaired charge. And considering that, in Canada, drunken driving has reached the appalling level of one traffic death every three hours, videotaping gives anyone foolish enough to drink and drive something else to think about.

GABRIEL GARDOM, ATTORNEY-GENERAL,  
VICTORIA, B.C.

# Nuclear missions

Warren Gerard's article *Nuclear Power Debate for the 90s* (Aug. 30) brings together all the elements of that debate: emotion, economics, risk, alternatives and the drawbacks to those alternatives. I hope Mulroney's readers now better appreciate the difficulty any public agency faces daily in attempting to present to its public the complex and often conflicting facts of Canada's ener-

gy, present and future. Despite one or two somewhat glib statements, Gerard's article does retain a good overall balance.

Peter C. Newman's editorial *Canada: A No Nuclear Standpoint*... acknowledges that the issue is a complex, emotional one and his response is emotional indeed. His conclusion that a moratorium is the answer is no answer at all. If it were that simple, Ontario Hydro could simply say to its customers, "Sorry, no electricity today."

J.R. CHAPMAN,  
DIRECTOR OF PUBLIC RELATIONS,  
ONTARIO HYDRO, TORONTO

Peter Newman's editorial on nuclear responsibility was well put. I hope his thoughts wake those who, by their silence, encourage nuclear irresponsibility and proliferation.

GEORGE ELSA, KINGSTON, ONT.

Your Aug. 30 cover, illustrating what appeared to be nuclear fuel rods labelled with adhesive tape, did little to instill faith in nuclear technology. One can guess to wonder where the billions-dollar industry uses Band-Aids.

JAMES M. BERMAN, TORONTO

# Hail and farewell

I was startled to learn of the death of John G. Diefenbaker and saddened while reading *Farewell to the Chief* (Aug. 27). He was not only a man who changed his party's outlook, but one who was capable of altering the very style of Canadian politics. For the first time senators in general and farmers in particular could honestly tell their voices were being heard in Ottawa. Although there are people who would not agree that the Chief was a



The Chief, their voices were being heard

great prime minister, few could argue against the assertion that he was a great Canadian. Even though we still have memories of pride in his accomplishments, Canadians everywhere will miss the earthly presence of this living legend.

LEICESTERTOWN, CLARENDON, ALTA.

# Maggie's miss

Robin Williams closes his new album by advising his New York audience to "keep the spirit of madness in you. Just a little touch of it." When someone then asks "How much?" the comedian replies: "Just enough so you don't become stupid." My Margaret Trudeau (People, Aug. 30) missed the show that night.

DIV WISER, TORONTO

# 2001: A Press Odyssey

When the article *Filting One Mind Into 99 Voices*—by 2001 (July 30), on *The Collected Works of Erasmus*, appeared, I was emerging from a canoe trip in Algonquin Park and I couldn't think of a river past to greet me when I was once again able to read the printed word. The article was extremely well written, packed with detail and entirely accurate. I was amazed at how well Andrew Weiner had absorbed and synthesized the mass of material that we manifested him with during his short visit to



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the University of Toronto Press. The article has already stimulated a great deal of response from persons whom we could not possibly have reached ourselves through normal channels.

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DISTRESS CENTRES COMMITTEE,  
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### Help wanted

Congratulations on giving such prominent space to *Young Survival* (July 30), a subject that is largely a "taboo" area in our society. Jane O'Hara has done a thorough job in researching and interviewing people involved. I feel that the discussion of suicide will benefit enormously from your coverage. As a director of Distress Centre One, which was one of the first crisis intervention centres in Canada, I would like to comment on the statement that such centres are rarely used by children. In 1978 Distress Centres One and Two received over 55,000 calls. Of these more than 300 were of a suicidal nature. If we move into the 20- to 29-year age group, which records the highest number of suicides completed for any age group in Toronto, we received more than 1,000 calls. I agree completely that many ways must be found to reach these young people but I would like to make it clear that a significant number of them already have access to our service. We have also helped set up and run workshops for gatekeeper groups in our society and continue to spend time with students who are looking for more adequate sensitivity to suicide.

GORDON WINCH, DIRECTOR,  
DISTRESS CENTRE ONE, TORONTO

### They also served

Alfred Fotheringham's column *Behind the Myths of Bravery and Pluck: There Was No Pride or Glory at Dnepr* (Aug. 12) undoubtedly contained a great deal of truth. There is, however, a fault in his column. Fotheringham mentions only those who were killed or who made it back to England. He ignores the vast number of Canadians whose lives were sacrificed in a different way—they were taken prisoner. This recent three years of intolerable conditions in prison camps and, for many, the influence of physical and mental wounds which, in some cases, have never healed. Certainly, there should have been no pride or glory for the Allied High Command or the politicians who sent men to certain death, but to suggest that there was no pride or glory as the part of men who sacrificed their lives in the belief that they were doing the right thing for their countrymen is simply a reasonable KAROL ANN STUEBE GUELPH ONT

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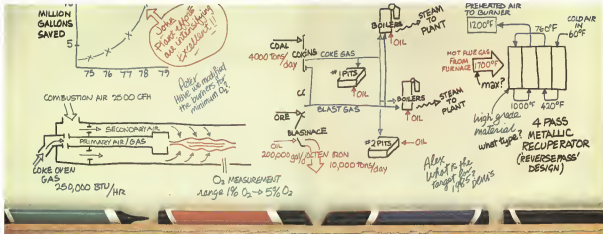
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# JUSTIFIABLE OPTIMISM.



Frontlines

## To invent a better weed trap

By Mark Budgen

**T**here are two sets of rules in this country," says Dale Hamrell, the mayor of Kelowna, in BC's Okanagan Valley—"the one the rest of us Canadians live by, and then there's Jensen's rules." Despite that buildup, this Jensen of the well-known rule book is not the mayor's political rival, a local developer, or even a local Mafia boss. Rather, he is a mild-mannered, packish-looking—and fascinating—inventor-entrepreneur in his mid-50s whose greatest fan is this self-same mayor. The seed of the mayor's very comment lies in Gordon Jensen's eccentricities, ordinary and independent-mindedness, which have been a source of vexation to many people, particularly officials, for decades. The mayor, a good friend of the Jensen family, is quick to add that "Gordon is the most intelligent man I've ever met in my life." And it is as well that the mayor thinks so, because the rest of Kelowna seems to think he's a bit of a nut.

However, should his current project succeed—a mechanical weed killer that he hopes will rid central BC's lakes of a choking scourge, the Eurasian milfoil weed—he could become an overnight hero. Since his first appearance in the

early '70s in B.C. as well as in Eastern Canada, milfoil has spread at an alarming rate, threatening to clog the shallow waters of lakes and destroy their economic potential. So far the main solution to the problem has been to kill the weed with E-4-D pesticide, which itself may be harmful to wildlife and the population that gets its drinking and irrigation water from the lakes. The beauty of Jensen's machine is that it removes the weed without disturbing other native life. That, at least, is the theory. But although reports of the machine's treatment apparatus have been made monthly for two years, the unveiling is yet to be. The machine, Jensen insists, will not only clear out the milfoil but has a potential for at least 15 other types of jobs from underwater archeology—Jensen is a consultant in Europe on underwater excavations—to submarine pipelines.

"This machine uses entirely original principles," he remarks quietly, "and that's why it's taking so long to build. The B.C. government had a competition for a weed-clearing machine but why should I have bothered to enter it when they would have owned all the rights to my invention? I believe in free enterprise—if the bureaucrats don't design a machine themselves, why should they get the benefit of none?" It should sur-

Jensen, the mayor approves but the neighbors think he's a bit of a nut

prise nobody that Jensen refers to himself as an "individualistic nut."

Tales about Jensen—such as the speculation over his milfoil machine—are legion in Kelowna. For example, in the days when he used to build rowing shells in the late '60s and '70s, he once transported one of the 35-foot craft balanced on his motorcycle motor. People still talk about the time he delivered a load of rising shells by truck to Toronto and was still working on them during delivery—balanced precariously on the trailer hurtling down the highway. He was once called upon to design 40-foot oars, from single timbers, to row boats of rubber down the Amazon River in Brazil. But Jensen, unlike his neighbors, finds no pleasure in retelling and embellishing his unusual exploits. He would rather just be left alone to go about his business—which in Jensen's case has involved a rich variety of activities.

During the Second World War, working for invasion companies building planes—and gliders on the side—gave him an oddball distaste for working for anyone else ever again. So, having a natural talent for building boats—he made his first rowing boat

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est of scraps from a lumberyard when he was only 16 and established by the shape of rowing shells, he decided to start his own business. Never mind that he was supposed to serve a one-year apprenticeship—Jensen just "knew" his rowing skills were built, and he improved on previous designs, selling the shells all over North America within a few years. Since then he has seldom stopped turning out useful objects, mostly from wood—laminated boxes

for large buildings, boxes to convert ice racks into greenhouses during the summer months, airplane floats, marker buoys, his mismatched oars for the Amazon and other products which, according to his long-suffering wife, Sylvia, "were challenges that nobody but Gordon would take on. He just went about solving them in his own way."

Many of his challenges were tinged with passion, for Gordon Jensen has had a long love affair with beautiful

boats, particularly Viking ships, which he took so deeply about that he decided to build one himself in 1980 using the original methods and materials—not an easy task. The oak first had to be felled and then shipped from California, then mellowed by leaving it in moist soil—he still has oak burned in places as far-flung as Norway and Ontario—and finally boiled to remove the sap. He and his family took the next five years to finish hand-dogging 3,000 rivets, weaving the sails from raw wool, taking two years to find the perfect shape for the prow, splitting the timber and finishing the 60-by-13-foot ship. The project itself seemed barely enough, but it was Jensen's choice of a workplace that irritated the locals. "He built this plastic-covered shelter on department of highways land across the bridge from Niagara," remembers Bill Stevenson, the manager of the Chrysler of Oshawa, whose office overlooked the site. "And it was an eyesore, what with piles of lumber around. People kept asking what was going on there. Eventually we closed off our washroom to the Jensen crew and it was amusing how soon afterwards the boat was finished."

The family displayed the boat and accompanying exhibitions across the United States and Europe before arriving in Norway, from where an international crew was to sail it back to North America. "This was the first time that anyone had built a Viking ship in the original way for 1,000 years. For me the attraction was repeating the process that marked the peak of naval architectural achievement until Nelson's time," says Jensen. "The Viking built were so

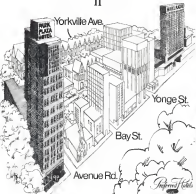
Hansen: defending the local eccentric.



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## Frontlines



*Taraxacum officinale* weed: scourge of B.C. lakes, challenge to *Juncus* invasi-

drable that they moved like snakes through the sea."

But the combination of an inexperienced crew and a late sailing season prevented them from completing the voyage of the *Norwegian*. So the ship was returned by freighter to Canada, only to be greeted by a customs officer who wanted to see Jensen's landing permits. That was just so much gobbledegook to the unsociable shipwright, who never bothers with such "bureaucratic nonsense." "Nobody had asked for them in Europe," he remembers, "so I could not produce them. Anyhow they let me through eventually." The journey ended sadly when Jensen's proud Viking raider was dropped by a crane in transit, which exploded the rather large heap under a carpenter in Jensen's garden.

Back from the ill-fated Siberia journey in 1978, Jensen had to fix up the family's lakeshore house, which had started to settle rather alarmingly. So the concrete was poured, the scaffolding put up, the house was raised, and all the activity stirred the roman-moogies into life again.

The whisper went around that Jensen was working on a mysterious project far more exotic than straightening a crooked house. As it turned out, Jensen had actually stopped all work on his house in order to start designing his midlife survivor. And after he has shown that the machine works, well, it's back to fixing up the house and the Viking ship, there's still an 18th-century square-rigger to be built, and an amphibious plane, and that oak mellowing nicely in Norway and Ontario still has to be collected. ☺

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## Frontlines

# A resting place with a view

A stone's throw away from four traditional graves in Sanctuary Park Cemetery, in the Toronto borough of Etobicoke, there stands a controversial and—for the Toronto area—innovative structure: a concrete mausoleum 16 feet high, 8 ft. deep, is iron bars and burglar vaults decorate ledges beneath its 16 marble crypts, by night, the flickering flames of funeral candles hear the dead. Beside the mausoleum, footings for another 182 crypts lie in half-completed disarray, the building temporarily halted by a provincial court injunction this spring after complaints were filed by local residents.

"Mourners come here and tear out their hair and cry and moan," says Edward Arato, an Etobicoke resident who, with neighbors, confronted Ontario's minister of consumer and commercial relations, Frank Dine, over the two-story repository for the dead. "We simply can't stand to live beside such a huge reminder of death," Arato said. As a result, Dine obtained a court injunction to halt the project, judging that "the day of the high-rise is over in this province."

Across North America, once park-like city cemeteries are beginning to look like mini high-rise complexes. Cemetery managers, saddled with the

financial bind of perpetual burial rights (the responsibility for tending graves is forever), are building multi-tiered mausoleums in order to keep revenue coming in after cemeteries are filled to capacity.

Much of Europe has solved the problem of overcrowding by granting perpetual burial rights only to the most distinguished people—and then only for those destined for Westminster Abbey or the Vatican. For the rest, burial and tomb licenses can be purchased for periods ranging from five to 99 years.

It is this European tradition that Canada's Italian, Portuguese and Polish immigrants are used to, and their readiness to accept crowded, built-up cemeteries lends some support to the demands of Ontario's cemetery directors. Says Joseph Gresham, managing director of Sanctuary Park: "These people have just as much right to their style of death as anyone." And if the province will not allow higher densities, adds J.R. (Ted) Jakubec, director of Memorial Gardens Canada Ltd. of Toronto, they must at least permit the re-use of existing plots, following the European tradition.

Sanctuary Park mausoleum (above) looks like a new high-rise look.

Elsewhere in the country, over-sold cemeteries have forced a re-thinking of existing laws. In Vancouver, for the past five years, the city has approved provincial laws and is leasing its graves. They are now rented on a 40-year lease basis only, complete with options to renew. (About \$,790 have been buried there temporarily since 1974.) Provincial officials look the other way while British Columbia lawmakers study proposed changes, says provincial cemeteries chief Don Patterson.

And in Montreal, directors of Notre Dame des Neiges decided to restrict leases in their new mausoleum to 99 years. Within weeks, 25 per cent of the 1,200 spaces was snapped up.

Since the 1940s in most Canadian provinces and in 46 out of 50 American states, a portion of the selling price of a cemetery plot must be placed in trust for its perpetual maintenance. Laws also require city-owned cemeteries to maintain graves for which such funds were never set aside—using, of course, taxpayers' money. This year in Hamilton, Ontario, for example, taxpayers face a landscaping tab of \$782,000 because eight of the 12 municipally owned cemeteries are filled and not generating income.

When Toronto's Catholic cemeteries filled up in the early 1950s, the diocese tried to get around the problem by building a million-dollar mausoleum 20 miles north of the city. But even the mausoleum has not eased the demand for more burial space. "Mourners are mostly elderly and cannot travel where there is no public transportation," ex-

plained Toronto Catholic Cemeteries General Manager Paul Chaz.

The solution may be in the growing acceptance of cremation. Last year, an unprecedented 16 per cent of the 165,000 Canadians who died were cremated, and in the U.S. a record eight per cent of 1.9 million were cremated. In some parts of B.C., cremation rates hit 50 per cent, in California, 75 per cent.

The increase in cremation is "part of a growing trend in North America to

deny death," according to Peter Perry, editor of *Canadian Funeral Director magazine*. "It's the Pepsi generation, the youth cult," he adds. "We can't deal with aging, much less with dying. Cremation is quick, clean and there's no grave to tend or cry over." And for the residents of Etobicoke, worried beside that two-story mausoleum, the less crying (not to mention tearing of hair)—the better the solution.

Diane Francis

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## The 'federalist separatists'



By David Thomas

Montrealers, must risk some of his English-Canadian power base by making conciliatory overtures to the French-speaking province.

**S**oberly sipping straight orange juice at a poolside where Dutch airline stewardesses lay lower from nearby Mabel International Airport added a shot of Canadian sun to their international tan. Liberal Senator Jean Marchand fretted about the cruel winter facing his party. Fretting an official Opposition denominated by a disproportionate contingent of French-speaking Quebecers, the Liberals are torn between leader Pierre Trudeau's commitment to a strong central government and the party's real electoral need to challenge the federal power on behalf of Quebec. Mount Marchand: "It's certainly going to accentuate the segment role of our policy—not for ideological reasons, but because of the situation." But, the former cabinet minister quickly amended: "We are federalist separatists."

Contradictory as it was, there could be no more elegant expression of the Liberals' dilemma, might as they are between their ancestral but cumbersome overweight Quebec strength and the urgency of reclaiming the lost loyalty of English Canada. It is the inferior image of the prefrontator of Prime Minister Joe Clark who, with only avowed patronage-booster Supply and Services Minister Rick LaSalle to represent

frustrated Quebec, must risk some of his English-Canadian power base by making conciliatory overtures to the French-speaking province. Meeting in Quebec last week at the Lac Beauport resort of Mount Gabriel, most of the 67 Liberal MPs from Quebec and a clutch of the party's more ambulatory senators discovered a subdued Trudeau obviously caring more about next spring's provincial referendum on sovereignty—something than about clawing and gouging his way back to federal power. Bewildered and overtaken from the penitence images of last spring's election campaign to his real and compelling philosopher-king image, Trudeau faced a Quebec wing enthralled by his oracles that they fail the big trick against the Parti Québécois government while trading safely in Ottawa to avoid appearing to be anti-English Canada.

Their reluctance to follow was embarrassingly evident at the warm-up session Tuesday when Trudeau fired off the line moved to set the tone for Liberal strategy: "We must first say no to any question posed by the Péquiste government." Only a smattering of applause greeted those fighting words. A frontal attack on the PQ is another matter. Quebec Liberals, particularly those such as Jacques Olivier, whose Montreal-area riding overlaps the provincial constituency of Premier René Lévesque Olivier privately warned Tru-

deau and Olivier (back ground) ignore emboldening separatists, a frontal attack

deau of the dangers as a hard anti-PQ line for Liberal MPs who rely on thousands of voters who support the neo-conservative party provincially. "We must act decisively," says Olivier, who begged English Canadians to understand the "big problem" of Quebec Liberals. "In a riding like mine, I have to be a bit of a Quebec nationalist," he says. "But somehow I have to find a way to fight for the interests of Quebec without combating the whole idea of federalism. We know that René Lévesque will use everything we say against the Clark government as an argument against Canada."

So fearful were the Quebec Liberals that they would be seen by English Canadians as just another block of Quebec nationalists that they debated early into Thursday morning whether to risk meeting like this separately from the party's 66 non-Quebec MPs. That option was rejected, but bilingual French-speaking MPs such as Olivier are resolved to speak English before the Commons television cameras to prove their devotion to the rest of the country.

The strategy is an ironic reversal of last May's Liberal campaign slogan in the province: SPEAK UP, QUEBEC! Now, trying to make that too-powerful voice, their effective motto has become: GO! GO! GO! UP!



# 'The best job in my life'

By Robert Lewis

For more than an hour Tom and Gantana Enders stood at the head of the receiving line, which wound out a side door of the U.S. ambassador's spacious Ottawa residence onto the veranda, greeting a Canadian Who's Who one last time: Harrison McCain, chairman of the New Brunswick frozen-food empire, arrived in his private jet for cocktails and caviar. From Montreal there were economist Carl Baye and former Trudeau adviser Richard O'Hagan. From Ottawa there were ambassadors from Morocco, Britain, Japan, the U.S.S.R. and Saudi Arabia; cabinet ministers past and present, including Clara Macdonald and Marc Lalonde; Robert Fidd, chief of the defence staff; Gordon Robertson, dean of the mandarins—even the literary National Press Club band. In a rare personal reflection a few days before his swarming last bath, Enders allowed wistfully that being Washington's man in Ottawa had been "the best job in my life. You've got a great job."

What a difference 26 years have made. When Enders arrived in February, 1976, there were menacing clouds in the diplomatic skies between Ottawa and Washington. In response to the Vietnam War, Watergate and the chill of Richard Nixon, Canada pulled back. With its "Third Option" policy, the liberal government opened doors to Europe and the Pacific, legislated nation-state embassies as foreign investment, publishing and broadcasting and reduced exports.

Before enlisting ambassador William Porter left Ottawa he publicly beefed—by backing from Henry Kissinger's state department—about "a bad time" in relations, after being rebuffed in attempts to arrange a private, farewell chat with Trudeau. While Trudeau dismissed Porter's criticisms as "beyond acceptable bounds," Enders picked up the theme upon his arrival and warned bluntly "Canada can't simply unilaterally cut back in its relations with the United States and expect



Enders: little time left for small talk.

there won't be a reaction from us." It seemed to matter little that Canadian policy thus mainly reflected the legacy of U.S. indifference toward Canada—best exemplified by former secretary of state Dean Acheson's assessments that "American surplus Canada so be humored as a right and accept this bounty, so they do so, without thought or appreciation." The double-blipside whynny by Porter and Enders had the effect of stampeding Canadian public opinion against Trudeau's policies. While a variety of factors—from black energy/economic prospects to the new threat of Quebec independence—undoubtedly would have produced greater harmony, Enders accelerated the pace by personally out-marginalizing Pierre Trudeau in his own land.

His base directly across the street from the Peace Tower gave him to the embassy's unofficial designation as the "South Block." When the lights dimly burning late, Enders usually was on can conspiring lavishly, or travelling the nation in the manner of a leadership contender. In 12 months ending last April, for example, he logged 76,545 miles, establishing firm-name rapport with premiers, politicians, businessmen and editors in every province and territory. In the past year, 2,800 guests were

regularly entertained at the residence. On at least two occasions before the election, Pierre Trudeau dined alone with Enders, in a kind of personal rap music for snatching Porter.

The stories that reared in new black ink bed with a more domesticated elephant, as the eve of the arrival of the new American envoy, former Maine governor Kenneth Curtis (see box). Enders is scheduled to leave Ottawa this week to take up his new post in U.S. ambassador to the European Community in Brussels, although there is speculation about a hitch because of the supervisory role Enders played in the U.S. bombing of Cambodia when he was deputy chief of mission in Phnom Penh from 1971 to 1974, new details of which are contained in *Sideways Kissinger*, *Nixon and the Destruction of Cambodia* by William Shawcross. In an interview with *Maclean's* before Enders' departure, ironically, he cited the end of the war as one of the factors that had improved Canada-U.S. affairs, and he could hardly conclude over-all. "In practically every field, we've been able to make important new agreements."

The most striking example in the deal struck by the two governments in 1977, which opened the way for a \$50-million natural gas pipeline down the Alaska Highway. Typically, Enders, insured himself in every detail as the two sides

negotiated to balance U.S. insistence on lowest-possible-cost energy and Canadian demands for highest possible benefits in construction and job contracts. At one point in the final stages of negotiations, Enders was literally down on his knees on his office floor, pouring over project maps with former U.S. energy secretary James Schlesinger. At another point he challenged U.S. Coast Guard calculations on tanker traffic for an oil proposal—and the double-check proved him right.

Such preoccupation with substance left Enders little time for small talk—or suffering fools. He was a demanding workaholic who thought nothing of launching an emergency project at the cocktail hour, which is awarded on Embassy Row. "Tom is not cuddly," notes one associate. "He is so intent on his own priorities that he forgets that other people have theirs."

People who have worked closely with Enders, however, observe a certain tempering of his pursuit of U.S. objectives. In the early days his pronouncements had the ring of a pre-concept in the colonies as he talked up the need for just "expedient solutions" and the imperative of "explaining" energy opportunities. More recently, he has been less hawkish about foreign investment laws—perhaps because their enforcement has slackened—and more willing to concede the evident self-interest of Canada's desire to conserve depletion fuel reserves. That his daughter Alice, 31, married a Canadian in Ottawa at the wedding of the year may have been another factor.

Such is the new tone in affairs, however, that there is no need for a big stick. Potentially explosive disagreements, whether on fishing rights or air

## New boy in town

For Canadians who hit Tom Enders' ring as ambassador, there is no on-the-way or the path of the successor. Ken Curtis, the former governor of Maine, Curtis, whose appointment is expected to be announced soon by President Jimmy Carter, is a liberal Democrat with a reputation for being a good neighbor when he is presented over the affairs of his border state. Former News Books premier Gerald Hage, who dealt with Curtis on numerous occasions, calls him an "outstanding individual and a... The United States has never appointed an ambassador who has a more basic understanding of Canada or is more sympathetic to our position."

Curtis, a tough-looking 48, has spent the past 10 months grazing land in Portland, Maine and serving as a member of the International Joint Commission. Before, he put in an unremarkable year as chairman of the Democratic National Committee. But it was as governor of Maine

from 1967 to 1973 that Curtis made his mark. He courted political disaster in conservative Maine by embracing a wide range of controversial positions. He upset neo-conservatives (and his abolition of the state's first-term income tax) gun owners (with his proposal for tougher gun-control laws) environmentalists (with his support for an oil refinery on Maine's coast) as well as his opposition to the Vietnam War. The power industry (opposition regulation of state forests) and the Protestant establishment (with his appointment of a Roman Catholic, of French-Canadian descent as chief justice of the state's Supreme Court).

As ambassador, Curtis may feel the grey shadow of a disabused neighbor as he meets with a former colleague. "This is very self-oriented and somewhat impulsive." But he is also described as "very down-to-earth and easy to get along with." For Canadian officials with still necker hair looking at an old-school seventh-floor Enders, it seems good news. Curtis is 6'2", 160 lbs., 30-36.

San Francisco

Canada border cable system is being used by hostile congressmen as the reason for holding up a softening, as proposed by the Canadian government, of restrictions against trade in defense equipment going by American in Canada. It is this "trading" of issues that Canadian and U.S. authorities are anxious to avoid.

All the signs point to even closer ties under a Conservative government, led by a westerer. Even as Opposition leader Joe Clark denounced the Liberal's Third Option, which turned out to be merely hot air in any event, he talked about bringing the Canadian tax structure into line with the U.S. one and mortgage interest deduction in a perfect example of the fix. There has been no change in the pattern of look-out knives in Canadian interest rates in response to U.S. increases, the aim of which is to keep attracting American capital at the cost of generating faster economic growth in Canada.

When U.S. President Jimmy Carter arrives in Ottawa in November for a belated first official visit, says Enders, "one of the messages he's going to bring is our desire to move on to higher levels of co-operation. Both governments are looking for opportunities and are very anxious to take them where they come."

While officials on both sides remark that closer links were a natural evolution, Enders is given substantial personal credit. Observe one Canadian official: "He's the biggest man, in all respects, they've probably overseen him." None of the 520 guests who gathered in Enders' long shadow last week to say good-bye would disagree.



Enders and Tom Enders (left) meet Saskatchewan Premier Brian Mulroney and his wife, Anne. "Tom is not cuddly."

\*This article is appearing tomorrow in *Maclean's*. More information about the departure of Canada's No. 1 envoy, personal of the U.S. and its reaction to the *Maclean's* issue, see *Maclean's* issue of September 11, 1979.

## Unscrambling a green omelette

**A**s the evolution adventures of Billy Bishop—the famed First World War flying ace—were rehearsed last week in a museum at Ottawa's National Arts Centre, a black awning on Parliament Hill military memories of another hero were also being reclaimed. Allan McKenna, the Tory defence minister, unveiled a five-storey, five-month construction project that will reflect the armed forces. It was 12 years ago that the Liberal government set off a wave of protest, with black bannazins, screaming graffiti and rampaging animals, by launching army, navy and air force personnel into one green-gated, all-McKenna, determined to build an election promise, moved at a speed that was something akin to Billy Bishop's dogfighting. The project, a five-acre site, that prompted Green Party leader "Wop" Bishop, you've been a hero!

McKinnan's heavy coil last week came despite warnings from his senior advisers that the task force could once again have a disreputable effect on the armed forces. When the unification debate first arose over (sen Liberal defence minister Paul Hellyer's radical proposals back in 1962, it was an emotionally charged issue. Trading in their air force blues, navy blues and army khakis for the all-embracing green uni-



McKinnon (left) and Fyfe in the boat tradition of no rowing, no back, etc.

forms symbolized a loss of tradition to members of the military. Junior officers quit. Three rear admirals resigned and one was fired. A Tory military critic, Gordon Churchill, called it "the worst military crisis in Canada's history."

supports intention and questions McKinnon's study, saying: "Anything that creates a mirror of uncertainty is bound to have an effect on morale."

The task force intends to travel Canada, holding open hearings with the public but closed sessions with the military, in the best tradition of "no names, no pack drill." It is expected to report back next January. From there, its opinions will be presented to the cabinet. The commissioners must reassess, reversing costs, whether it is better to return to the three-forces concept, make changes in the existing setup or leave well enough alone.

[illegible]

The hearings are likely to produce predictable arguments. Younger military members will praise the administrative streamlining of unification. One retired military man, with 33 years' ex-

persons, predicts that a hard-line trend in French Canada is still on the attack. "The Coligny Brigade," someone who wants to fight the Battle of Waterloo again. Older members will claim that unification, once known as "The Great Canadian Experiment" among Allies, has not worked—it turns sons and women into numbers. Unification has been studied by more than 90 nations, but none has adopted it. And many critics identify unification with the despotic Canadian defense forces which, in 1963, totalled about 124,000 and today number just 75,000. But the real question is: how far can the Tories afford to retreat on unification? The solution may be as easy as reverting to three divisions uniforms.

Meanwhile, back in McKinnon's riding of Victoria, an old guard of retired military brass, having flocked to Vancouver Island for bright sunshine and solid British tradition, will be keenly watching the minister's efforts. Like many of them, McKinnon enlisted as a private at the outbreak of the Second World War and made the military his life, retiring as a major in 1965. Unlike others, he claims that he has kept an open mind on unification. Still, he says, "I certainly wouldn't want to be the first to see the flag fly over the island. I had in unambiguous, simple and direct terms, working as three services again the day war broke out."

Julianne Labrecque

## Newfoundland

## Champagne corks over the ocean

**W**hen Premier Brian Peckford turned up on 76 National at 11:30 Newfoundland time one night last week, the gleam in his eye shone brightly all the way from Ottawa. Fresh from a three-hour sit-a-bite with Prime Minister Joe Clark, Peckford announced that he had got what he came for: the pm had "verbally indicated" to the premier his commitment to turn over to Newfoundland control of its off-shore oil and mineral resources. Peckford, in fact, looked almost ready



Newfoundland's hopes prove out, it will not only boost it from its historic place

among the have-not provinces to an enviable spot among the haves—it can alter the economic balance of the whole country for the better, as oil, potash and uranium have done in the West.

Higher operators have put down 110,000 sq ft of floor area for investment of \$100 million, employing more than 300 (the staff in two basic field areas—the geology and geophysics departments) and perhaps better known for its oil and gas production. In both areas, neither drillers nor geoscientists have admitted to any thing beyond the most meagerly documented results to date. The pressure on the U.S. is rapid, and the oil and gas industry is not alone in its desire to see results on the oil and gas front. While most of the nations are just that, there is considerable information coming from people in positions to know what is going on in the world. Two major discoveries in Newfoundland waters' Enderby obtained by MacDonald from several available geologists, engineers, people in the supply industry, and two others recently returned from work on the oil and gas front, are constructive to point the way.

• British Petroleum's E-21 (formerly H-32) well, 200 miles east of Hare Bay near the tip of Newfoundland's northern peninsula. First reports of



Oil Search  
off  
Newfoundland

This discovery came only after 30 stocks started giving crazy and were denied by the company about the same time the Toronto Stock Exchange suspended trading in late August. However, geologists and engineers involved in work at NP's share base at Botwood insist that data from the drilling operation is optimistic enough to indicate the stock market activity was more than idle speculation.

• The Chevron O-35 well (like most wells in the area drilled by a consortium of several companies), 152 miles southeast of St. John's in the Grand Banks area. The official line is that drilling there has turned up "interesting and promising traces of hydrocarbon gases" but that further testing is required to judge exactly how much oil is there and whether it's exploitable. However,



company engineer has revealed that the drilling mud which lubricates the drill, and flushes up rock bits continuously, usually weighs up to 100 lbs. of oil per gal. 3,000 feet of drilling. The more the company has to buy dirt and know it—and a geologist closely involved confirms the story. Although the company denies it, three close observers have separately reported the chapter-verse chain-gang party to exaggerate the reported Chevron strike. Less colorful reports say the company knows the well's potential is close to 840 million worth of oil at present prices, that plans are already being made to pump a pipeline from the well to St. John's and that Chevron will sink a second well to the same area over the winter.

Ever since joining Canada in 1948—years before any exploratory drilling was to begin—Newfoundland has insisted that under its Terms of Union all offshore mineral rights belong to it, rather than to Ottawa as had done in the British North America Act governing other provinces. In 1977, Newfoundland took its case to the Supreme Court of Canada, but this was still pending when Joe Clark scrubbed it by making good on the Tory election promise to hand over underwritten resource control without further federal-provincial squabbling. Drafting full details of the agreement, already under way in St. John's, would take only 10 days to complete, said Premier Foulden on Sept. 3. Which men to meet with another party member—that Newfoundland had earlier urged Chevron/Mobil to hold off official announcement of its Grand Banks strike until Sept. 15. The cock popping may have only just begun.

Robert Fluskin

## Saskatchewan

### A bulrush is a rose is a rose

Cattails and bulrushes usually conjure up visions of swamps and stagnation, green-walled nurseries filled with the various forms of aquatic low-life that just spoil the view. However, when Gurneath Lakshman sees cattails and bulrushes he thinks of

clean, sparkling water, unspoiled lakes and bag fat cove.

Lakshman is a senior scientist with the Saskatchewan Research Council who has been working the past few years on a project that could revolutionize sewage treatment systems in small towns. In the fall of 1979, Lakshman read a brief report on a scientific meeting in Philadelphia that claimed cattails and bulrushes are capable of absorbing the chemicals and toxic compounds of domestic and industrial sewage at an incredibly rapid rate. Intrigued, he patiently tested the theory in a laboratory environment until



Lakshman: Frogs, ducks and cattle fodder

he was ready to go public this summer.

"The existing plant about which whole project is that it is a completely self-contained system," Lakshman said recently, standing beside two experimental sewage lagoons on the eastern edge of Humboldt, Saskatchewan (population, 4,600, 70 miles east of Saskatoon). "The cattails and bulrushes absorb the impurities from the water and at the end of their cycle they can be harvested and fed to cattle. They have higher protein value than the best cattle feed, soy alfalfa." Approximately 5,000 cattails and bulrushes are growing in each of Humboldt's new lagoons. Constructed at a cost of \$45,000, each pond is lined with gravel so that plant roots can more readily absorb nitrogen and phosphorus from the raw sewage that is pumped in from the town's storage lake.

"Each of these one-acre lagoons is large enough to effectively treat the effluent from a town of 500," Lakshman says. "After two to three weeks, water

clean enough for industrial use can be released from the lagoons." Normally, small towns use a series of holding lagoons to treat their sewage. Air is pumped in, purifying the water and causing the heavier effluents to sink to the bottom, where they remain. Since Humboldt's bulrush lagoons were opened Aug. 31, Lakshman has found that the phosphorus and nitrogen counts are down more than 75 per cent, while the maintaining the ponds remains for the next three years. And less than a week after filling the lagoons with 35 inches of sewage, he found that frogs and ducks had already moved in.

Humboldt Mayor Marc Breker hopes the experiment is a success because, last year, the town spent \$500 just for electricity to pump air into its existing sewage treatment system. The town not only provided land for the lagoons but it also donated \$1,000 to help defray the first year's monitoring costs. The entire project will cost \$250,000, with Ducks Unlimited helping in \$55,000, hoping that the project will give the ecological work of nurseries. Federal and provincial agencies have agreed to rough up \$182,000 to offset the monitoring costs. The remaining \$55,000 comes from the Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation because of the project's potential usefulness to small communities.

Dale Elder

## Winnipeg

### An ashtray full of rain

Winnipeg's busy \$99-million Royal Canadian Mint has been something of a tourist attraction since it opened three years ago, with more than 30,000 visitors a year dropping around to see how coins are made. But far more stuff, as popularity has also become something of an embarrassment—the building's aluminum roof leaks every time it rains and the clock-like of protection-lens coins bleed endlessly with the drip-drip of water drops falling into assorted basins. "Unfortunately the worst leaks are in the tour area in a five-storey tower adjacent to the production facilities," says Regional Director Derek Smith. "To hide the flow, some of the watercatchers in public areas have been disguised as ashtrays and coffee pots."

After three years of trying to persuade builders, contractors and architects to repair the problem, mint officials have decided to go tough by filing a statement of claim against six companies. And a new \$108,000 copper roof is being installed, covering the exhibition

## Stop signs for a power trip

There is a little light to relieve the darkness of a Yukon winter. That is because the Yukon's 20 small hydro and diesel power plants are capable of producing only 36 megawatts of electric power and the territory's 21,600 residents share that capacity to the limit during the winter's long, cold months. Despite that shortage of power, a proposal by the Northern Canada Power Commission (NCPC) to build a neat hydro dam on the Yukon River at getting a chilly reception from Indian organizations and environmentalists. The plan calls for a hydro project that would pump out 350 megawatts—four times the power now available—but would leave the flooding at the small town of Eagle's First Dam on the gold rush trail of 1926.

Among the Yukon's top industry, needs more power before any of several potential new pits can get into production. Cynics aren't high-spirited. And some already contains one-third of the available electricity on the main power grid and the company says it would nearly double its

draw if the power were available. But despite the demands of the mining companies, and a commitment from Fortbrite Inc. Ltd. to consider hydroelectric power to non-competitive stations, all its northern interests get the Yukon Conservation Society is questioning the Eagle's First Dam flood site and calling for an examination of wildlife-friendly generation, although the Yukon's enormous and reusable hydro potential remains almost virtually untapped.

The Council for Yukon Indians also opposes the project, claiming that it and other developments in the territory would not only destroy the traditional way of life but also threaten the health of the Indians. The Indians are also angry because a dam at Eagle's First Dam would flood the historic town, but now abandoned village of Little Salmon. The last mine dam on the Ashcroft River, also flooded and used by the Indians and promised compensation has not yet been paid.

Even without a battle from the dam's opponents, development will have to wait until the late 1980s before the first phase of an Eagle's First Dam project could be in place. NCPC estimates that it could take that time to design and build the project and it has been approved. Paul Karling



Winnipeg's mint: Leaks might be forgiven

Job that was chosen in the first place because it was slightly cheaper.

Wages might be forgiven for seeing some ominous connection between Canada's lousy economic ship of state and

Winnipeg's stranky steel, but General Manager Smith is unimpressed: "Lots of other buildings have these problems but we're a Crown corporation and when public funds are involved they'll always be somewhat lenient."

Peter Carlyle-Gordon

## Too much of a good thing

It came as no surprise to St. John's residents last December that they were facing a large hike in municipal taxes. After all, what could be more inevitable than a property tax increase? But now, it is unforeseen. St. John's first dealt with an enormous surplus of tax dollars in its coffers and the details is on about what to do with the tiny loot.

Deputy Mayor Ray O'Neill, chairman of the city's finance committee, is asking that council consider a rebuke, creating the city's prospect of the city's funding dilemma. The taxpayers for a change. O'Neill says the amounts involved are not negligible. So far, thanks to the wonderful work of O'Neill's own committee, he says, St. John's has kept its spending to \$225,000 below the budget of \$25,325,000. At the

same time, the city has collected \$530,000 more than it budgeted for, primarily from a new shopping mall that opened last fall and booming business downtown most of it coming to taxpayers in the off hours of dollars. The total, according to O'Neill, is a surplus of more than \$1 million. And he expects the money to keep flowing in. Leaving council with a deluge of dollars—what to do with all those little piles?

Other members of council believe that O'Neill is getting carried away. They claim that the surplus exists only on paper and that it could soon be wiped out by the cost of placing water in that heavy snowfall. They also suggest that some of the money should be funnelled back into new projects that were halted by O'Neill's own earlier program.

Whether or not St. John's property owners see a rebate, it is unlikely they'll be let by a tax increase in that next fiscal year. And the idea of going a year without a tax hike will be considered by most as better than a lack in the pocketbook.

Milliciones do not really part with their fortunes—particularly when they are self-made. So the Ontario government was taken by surprise when "The Duke" of Canadian magazine empire building, **Floyd S. Chalmers**, 81, decided to turn over his family's \$1-million cultural foundation to the Ontario Arts Council as a charitable donation to the notoriously penny-pinched performers and playwrights who have been squeezed by recent government cutbacks. Though 25-cent piano lessons were beyond Chalmers' parents' means, the barefoot boy from Grifflin, Ontario, grew up to be one of Canada's most influential patrons of the arts, best known as president of the Stratford Festival Foundation and spouse of the **Mayor Moore** and **Harry Senne** operas, **Louis Riel**. "A million dollars, a million words," Chalmers says of his continuing interest in the *Rangela* of the arts in Canada, and he and his family plan to keep close watch as developing playwrights whom they support with an annual \$10,000 award for excellence. Premier **William Davis** complimented Chalmers' donation with an announcement that the provincial lottery, **Winario**, would match his gift, and there was much back-gutting all around in arts circles. When presented with a framed scroll commemorating the 40-million donation, **Maureen Hunter-Henry** Chalmers declared pleasant surprise. "Usually I have to frame these things myself," he said.

One of the few stars to make a scheduled appearance at the World Film Festival in Montreal this month was **Alan Alda**, whose latest film, *The Solitaire*, of **Joe Tyson**, helped kick off the



Chalmers: million-dollar arts patron

festivities. Wearing the same weaved white bread and cardboard *Alia* sandwiches the press chomped, Alda welcomed the press to gulp his free lunch before he took to the podium to answer questions along with his director, **Jerry Schatzberg** (*Crime in Mind*), and producer **Marin Bragman** (*Day After Tomorrow*). "Can you hear me in the back?" Alda asked. "No—can," came the bilingual reply. "Then you better listen with your eyes," rejoined

Alda. Even a civil rights to listening

the star, who held court for almost two hours discussing everything from **Ford's** politics to the Equal Rights Amendment campaign in the U.S. and the amount of kissing he performs with co-star **Mary McCormack** in *Seduction*. "So many given in two messages," he says, of **Senator Joe Tyson's** collecting national defense and political speeches. "One is that the family is first and values or career are secondary. But at the same time we are told to do everything we can to be a success." In the film, which Alda also scripted, he leaves it to his daughter, played by **Maureen Hunter-Henry**, to sum up the situation—*"Life sucks"*.

Who says there's nothing funny about Canadian politics? Certainly not **Larry Leblanc**, a 31-year-old mini-collegian from Toronto who decided there was lots to laugh about when **Joe Clark** was elected. In January, Leblanc began serious work on a political satire album which he says will combine the best of *Mad*-style and *Up*-style no-nonsense British humor with the pointed yucks that have been leveled at U.S. politicians in albums such as *The First Family*, a runaway 1982 best seller about the **John F. Kennedy** White House. Leblanc says "the real cartoon show" won't begin until Oct. 9 with the opening of *Parliament*, but he already savors *Clark* as a **Buffy Cooper** figure with a *Man from High River* facade, while **Pierre Trudeau** is likened to some sort of "bongal prince" lurking in exile like a "pretender to the throne." **Maureen Hunter-Henry** will be a co-receiver for Leblanc's dart board,

but he draws the line at **Maureen Hunter-Henry**, suggesting that he doesn't want to "pick on her too much." Don't worry, **Maureen Hunter-Henry** may perform on the album—provided Leblanc's respect is sharp enough—and with such knee-slapping issues as the referendum, the TWI anti-obscure music and raising all guns as a gift for his comic mill, Leblanc is sure to invite some good old Canadian gut-punching when the album is released next year.

Following in the wake of the successful art-for-Christmas coffee-table book about **Tom Thomson** is *The Art of Emily Carr*, a pictorial tribute assembled by controversial personality **Boris Shkoltsov** who ran hard as the Vancouver Art Gallery's director and shored for 25 impressive years. The 224-page book with 208 reproductions has been literally a labor of love for Shkoltsov, who gave up his gallery duties in 1975 and began working on the book. "I am not a hagiographer," contends Shkoltsov, who nevertheless spent weeks at the national archives poring over Carr's journals and letters in an effort to understand the woman behind the artist. The

result is a work with which the perfect temperate admirer admits being pleased. Even her husband, painter **Jack Shkoltsov**, 70, is "astonished" at the material his wife has gathered—and he loves Emily Carr. "I'd go to bed every night with her images in my head and find them still there in the morning," says Shkoltsov of his four-year ordeal. In the process she unearthed paintings from Carr's later years that reveal a lighter touch in color and space than those depicted in Carr's memorable "deep forest, and barren pale" period. Now in his 60s, Shkoltsov admits that his "emotional cord" with Carr has not been severed yet, and as part of her tribute to "a powerful person at work" she has assembled yet another Carr exhibition which was on display at Canada House in London during June and July and will travel to Paris later this month.

When **Hilda Morris** stood naked in the shadowy stage lights of a Toronto production of *Spring Fling* in 1979, she left audiences gasping at her startling anatomy and to this day few theatergoers can recall the plot that called for the wide-eyed 19-year-old from Lac Neve, Quebec, to make such a public and prominent debut. Nine years later, Morris is still nakedly made known for the male roles of exploiting her 38½-23-36 dimensions. "I have refused many more feature films than I have come because of nudity clauses," she says, finding safer territory as a guest on TV game shows such as *Flim Flam* and *Pretty Game*. This summer, however, Morris decided to "take the plunge and went to work in *Maureen Hunter-Henry*. The

Squad with former porno star **Herry Hunter-Henry** (*Deep Throat*). Morris will not say exactly how much she reveals in her role as a courtesan who attempts to "compromise" Morris's good-girl-on-character. She did end up performing a visual striptease out of a Salomean Army uniform. The brothel-lust will also be happy to note that there is at least one naked scene. In fact, there may even be a glimpse of the recently blinded, bearded's seductive photograph's beauty, but Morris doesn't count that as nudity because, to her, "it is a bum."

"Wonderful Fabulous," and "Where's Ryan O'Neal?" Those were the most-heard comments on the opening night of Toronto's Festival of Festivals. Though photographers outnumbered the stars at the gala screening of **Clayton's** *A New Dawn*, **Rita Tushnet**, **Maureen Hunter-Henry**, **Mary McCormack** and **Clifford Long** showed up at the after-dark party which drew about 1,200 guests. Among those enjoying to the fullest was **Michael McCabe**, the executive director of the Canadian Film Development Corporation which has at least \$100 million invested in film this year. "It looks good, it looks good," he said of the future of the burgeoning film industry which has seen Montreal, Calgary and Toronto pegged as "Hollywood of the North." Jaded by starlets **Dubonch**, **Maureen Hunter-Henry** and **Line Langdale** (*Alibi*), McCabe glimmered like a true celebrity. When he's the 100 Million Dollar Man everybody wants to be seen with you, McCabe says (movie publisher). But Ryan O'Neal didn't show up.

Edited by **Maureen Hunter-Henry**

Maureen Hunter-Henry and Langdale with all this glitz, who made Ryan O'Neal?



# Cuba crisis revisited?

By Ian Urquhart and William Lowther

**A**s American concerns over the presence of Soviet combat troops in Cuba cooled last week, President Jimmy Carter felt compelled to appeal for calm. The Soviet troops, he reassured the nation in a televised address, are "not an assault force" and carry no weapons "capable of attacking the United States." Implored the president: "Our nation as a whole must respond not only with firmness and strength but also with calm and a sense of proportion." The underlying message was clear: the presence of the troops was unacceptable but this was not another Cuban missile crisis, the 1962 confrontation between the superpowers that brought the world to the brink of nuclear war. Carter deployed no weapons and issued no ultimatums. He opted, instead, for quiet, behind-the-scenes diplomacy.

But if the latest Cuban incident was not an international military crisis, it was far from becoming a domestic political crisis. Many U.S. senators were demanding the immediate withdrawal of the Soviet troops from Cuba and were saying that they would not support the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks treaty (SALT II) otherwise. Since the treaty requires a two-thirds majority in the Senate for ratification, those threats were of deep concern to Carter, who has been roasting on SALT II to add some lustre to his record when he runs for re-election. Carter faced a oral dilemma: he could either act tight and suffer accusations that he is "soft on communism" while watching SALT II be defeated, or

he could challenge the Soviets to withdraw at the risk of plunging the world back into the Cold War.

Cuban Premier Fidel Castro grabbed probably that the U.S. made the disclosure to try to embarrass him during the conference of the nonaligned nations in Havana (see page 32). But the Carter administration would hardly have inflicted such wounds on itself just to embarrass Castro. More likely, this disclosure was made to avenge a link to the press or, worse, a Republican presidential candidate.

Already, in July, there had been press reports of a high-ranking Soviet "command structure" in Cuba and inquiries from Democratic Senator Richard Stone about the presence of troops. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance wrote Stone July 21 to report that, apart from military advisers, "no intelligence data are not warrant the conclusion that there are any other significant Soviet forces in Cuba."

That letter, contradicted just one month later, has prompted suggestions that Vance was either being less than candid or American intelligence on Cuba is poor. But Vance defended both himself and U.S. intelligence agencies. Said he: "In evaluating intelligence information, it is like putting a jigsaw together and one has to continue to examine the various fragments." Vance indicated that when he wrote to Stone the "fragments" of information in his possession were inconclusive. Subsequently, the U.S. apparently obtained

**Carter and Jensen: MIG-23s, 3,000 Soviet troops are sent to assault force talks**



photos of the troops en masse.

To date, the U.S. has determined the presence of just 1,000 to 2,000 Soviet troops in Cuba, equipped with tanks, field artillery and about 12 MIG-23 jets. Vance would not speculate on their purpose in Cuba, but, regardless, if they did attack the U.S. "We would handle them with the Florida highway patrol," quipped Democratic Senator Joseph Biden. But, responded Florida's Stennis, "It's the principle, not the number of troops, that counts." Stennis resurrected the Monroe Doctrine and asserted, "This is the hemisphere where we live, they [the Soviets] don't live here."

While the Soviets might concede that point, they can also be expected to cite the presence of U.S. troops in their hemisphere and, indeed, on their very border, in Turkey. If the U.S. demands the withdrawal of Soviet troops from Cuba, the Soviets might demand a reciprocal pull-out from Turkey—as they did during the 1962 missile crisis.

Kennedy spurned that demand and Carter may have to do likewise. This latest showdown with the Soviets is being billed in the U.S. as a test of will for Carter, who has enviously gained the reputation as a pushover, and is probably cannot afford to give in. If he does not, and the Soviets also stand firm, the domestic political crisis in the U.S. may soon involve the whole world. □

*In 1962 President John F. Kennedy declared the Soviet Ministry of Defense to "ang American power."*

## Lifting the veil, lowering the boom

**S**andra Javala-Daly was a doppelgänger, English schoolgirl when she met the legendary Saudi Arabian financier Adnan Khashoggi in 1961. Although only sweet 15, Sandra—renamed Soraya—was swept off her feet into a Paris wedding and the company of Arab kings, Western presidents and U.S. presidents. Now, five children and 18 years later, Soraya is suing her husband for \$2.54 billion, which is not only a world-record matrimonial claim but also, she said last week, a huge boost for women's rights.

The 35-year-old Soraya, 33, lives in an affluent flat recently in Los Angeles, that Khashoggi made her own active business partner when she refused to play the role of the archetypal, secluded Arabian wife. To pay for her services, she is asking for an estimated half of Khashoggi's fortune, most of it earned during the 13 years of their marriage, when the remarkable Mr. K—the biggest arms dealer of them all—was scolding intermediaries in deals between Lockheed and other U.S. aerospace giants and the Saudi royal.

In 1973, Khashoggi dispatched an aide to a Beirut religious court and had himself secretly divorced from Soraya—she was 26, of course, reformed—with a promise to support her



**Michelson, Soraya Khashoggi seeking a \$2.54-billion boost for women's rights**

for the rest of her life. But she claims the support was far shortcoming—apart from a payment of \$400,000—and hired divorce lawyer Marvin Michelson (who represented Michelle Marvin in her battle with actor Lee Marvin) to settle the score.

From Khashoggi—who served as the inspiration for Harold Robbins' best seller *The Prince*—nothing has been heard. He is preoccupied with other troubles arising from an investigation by the U.S. Securities and Exchange Commission into his activities. The suit won't talk about the inquiry. But Khashoggi has often been accused over the years of being a middleman in multimillion-dollar payoffs from U.S. corporations to Saudi princes and lieutenants,

including the \$300 million paid or controlled to him by Lockheed, in order to secure Saudi contracts.

For attorney Michelson, the divorce case represents his greatest challenge. This, he believes, is a suit that could bring "a lifting of the veil" for shrouded Middle East women everywhere. He will therefore make a showpiece of her suit, expected to begin this fall, presenting it, firstly, as an alleged breach of contract and, secondly, as a case of fraud and deception practiced on Soraya.

But is this case the law court might not have the final say. Soraya also claims that Khashoggi threatened that if she tried to obtain recourse in the courts, he would use an Islamic legal formula under which she could be put to death in an eremitic wife.

**William Schock**

## Bags and belts on a collision course

**F**ewer Washington state senator Clifford (Dick) Beck was cruising along the highway at 40 m.p.h. when a car swerved toward him. The two cars collided and Beck's car hit a tree against a hydro pole. The other driver was being hurried from his windshield. Beck was being cushioned by a pillow that followed out of his steering column. The woman died. Beck is alive—aided crossing for air bags. But his efforts and those of others who own their lives to air bags may be in vain, depending on the outcome of a battle expected this week in Congress over a bill providing funding for a law passed in 1977, which requires that all new U.S. autos have either air bags or automatic seat belts (or an approved device) by 1984.

Those who oppose the bill don't mind the seat belts but would like to do away with air bags, at least until they have been



**Congressmen Mittel and Barbara Mikulski test air bags' rollover forces**

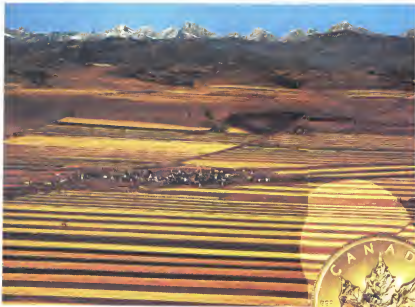
tested further. To this end, their leading spokesman, Democratic congressman John Dingell of Detroit, is standing to amend the bill, cutting off funds for air bags. To

support his case, Dingell is showing gruesome film of air bags exploding and spewing lenses of child dummies. He has argued out Volvo and six air-bag studies that used cars on child carapaces. This clip of exploded belts and seat belts—after contact with the air bags.

The National Highway Traffic Safety Administration (NHTSA), which supports all bags, argues that the films were untruthful. The tests used experimental bags that were inflated 60 times (the bags are meant to be used once). According to the NHTSA, a child who isn't in a safety seat during a crash has a better chance of surviving with air bags than without.

While automakers see it as their advantage to install seat belts rather than the more costly air bags, insurance companies are supporting the bags and forbidding air-bag users with offers of 30-per-cent premium reductions.

This news, far as just isn't taking Dingell lightly. "It's a fight," says an official, "but the issue ranks right up there with heart disease and cancer and we're going to fight!" **Paulette Bourgeois**



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# Getting tough with détente

By David North

In Brussels' historic Grand-Place, the fun and games were coming to an end as weeks of celebration marking the Belgian capital's 1,000th birthday drew to a close. The timing was impossible, because the largest and in Brussels last week was provided by former United States secretary of state Henry Kissinger, recently retired NATO chief General Alexander Haig and a supporting cast of several hundred assorted generals, admirals and defense "experts."

The purpose of their get-together, under the auspices of Georgetown University's Center for Strategic and International Studies (CSIS) and other noteworthy bodies, was to chart the way ahead for Canada and the 14 other nations in the 30-year-old North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO) over the next 20 years.

It was a deliberately apocalyptic aim, but in fact there was little in the way of collaboration on the agenda. Indeed, the emotion had been wistfully, if depressingly, nurtured up only a few days earlier at a London wedding by a senior naval officer who remarked, as he sipped his champagne, "The West's in a rout."

That certainly was what emerged in essence from the three days of banter-sounding in the heavily guarded, 19th-century Palais d'Inghelbrecht. The tone was

set by Kissinger in an address which set so many teeth on edge that he later had to do some (astonishingly) deflating down. The West, he announced, had been "living off its military capital" since the 1960s and was now falling behind "in every significant category." To outlast business as usual, he warned, would henceforth be to extract one's destiny to others (i.e. the Soviet Union).

The U.S. and its allies, he continued, should get about rectifying the situation by modernizing their armed forces. What's more, there should be no more



snaking off to Moscow by individual bands of stars seeking to gain the temporary and, in Kissinger's opinion, transitory favor of the Kremlin. There must be détente but, he hinted, the West must demand the shibboleth that "we must not be a confrontation."

It was a simple message, even if its hawkish tone did contradict much of what Kissinger himself upheld when still in office. He acknowledged that fact, describing himself as a convert. But he failed to describe the mystery of his conversion, which led to some unbridled speculation that his real message was to the conservative power brokers back home that he would be an acceptable political force in the 1980s' presidential and congressional elections.

Belgian Foreign Minister Henri Simonet, on behalf of the allies, took a much less apocalyptic view, and on the sensitive question of Western unity he pointedly reminded Kissinger that NATO was not treated to "rubber-stamp" decisions taken in any one capital (i.e. Washington) and that the U.S. should not interfere with Third World aspirations for independence by propounding unpopular regimes favorable to the West.

Simonet's contribution was to show that the West's dilemma is more widely

Kissinger and Simonet, Soviet warlike still Tanya, simply message, hawkish tone

shared than Kissinger's proclamation. With nuclear weapons would indicate the current situation in the United States, for instance, is marked by a stabilizing factor. Moreover, that instability, and the strongly hawkish side that is running through United States' politics as present as a result, coincides with what banks and doves both concede is the dawn of new tensions in East-West relations.

The reasons why tensions are rising were outlined recently at a 600-person session on the Salt II (Strategic Arms Limitation Talks) treaty by one of its chief architects, Leslie Gelb. Gelb, senior director of the U.S. state department's bureau of politico-military affairs, is now with the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. He mentioned increasing Soviet military might, the Kremlin's apparent willingness to take chances (as in sending the Gyrfalcon jets to Angola) and a "reasonable chance" that President Leonid Brezhnev's successor might rewrite Soviet policy along such more adventurous lines.

Gelb also deplored the "near-hysteria" of the debate on ratification of the SALT II treaty which, he said, could give the Soviets the idea that the West was an unreliable bargaining partner. Gelb did not have to underline the point because the attitude of the U.S. as the major Western power is clearly crucial. But the signs are that that attitude is changing in a way that could make life with the bomb a great deal more hazardous than in recent détente-filled years.

Few people at the Brussels' conference would agree with the proposition that the West should move to match Soviet military expansion that doves in Washington and other NATO capitals are genuinely concerned that the U.S. is returning to a Cold War frame of mind which could seriously set back advances in East-West relations.

Recent soundings of American opinion show that in contrast to the post-Vietnam era, it now favors taking a more aggressive role in world affairs in more becoming responsible, if not as a deterrent, security in the run-up to next year's presidential elections, to talk robustly about providing the means and the will to enable the U.S. to counter directly Soviet "interventionism."

War is talk all. The emboldened Carter White House has already considered what seems likely to be a substantial increase (three to four per cent after inflation) in next year's defense budget. Last week \$33 billion was earmarked for the MX missile and more is expected for new theatre nuclear weapons in Europe and for the creation of new, "sea" and well-armed conventional strike forces.

It is open to argument, however,

whether such saying up of conventional might is necessary. The well-informed *Le Monde Diplomatique* of Paris recently argued, finally, that the Soviets or their allies never intervene except at the express request of already sympathetic governments (as in Angola and Ethiopia), and, secondly, that the U.S. counterforce capability already far outmatches the Soviet's power to mount aggressive operations.

What is beyond dispute, though, is that such hawkish activity is bound to worsen an already tense situation. Moreover, with SALT II still scarcely

more than a twisted in the planners' eyes, it will do so at a time when there is no tanking-out diplomatic activity. And while some delegates in Brussels seemed aware of this situation, there was no remedy in sight.

Indeed, the only hopeful sign was a hint from Brezhnev that if a determined U.S. engages in confrontation, it may be so difficult persuading its European allies to follow its lead. Policies of military intervention against assumed "Communist aggression," he said, were "outdated, unilateral and bound to evolve in disaster." □



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44-10



# The Balkan Bear takes on the Latin Bull

Shortly before the sixth summit conference of nonaligned countries in Havana last week, a young Canadian diplomat and his family—pooled in Cuba for the past two years—had their horses burglarized twice. As

events at the summit itself. From reading the official final declaration and closing statements, it would appear that all was harmony and new unanimous accord—but nothing could be further from the truth. From



Castro with Syrian President Hafiz Assad: a good line ahead for guerrilla movements

the Canadians slept, the thieves crept out their wardrobe, taking nothing but clothes and leaving behind their weapons—large knives in the bedrooms. "It's a mercy no one awoke or things could have been a lot worse," the diplomat said later.

The Canadians were not alone (four other foreign diplomats had their homes broken into within a few days), because the numerous guards usually posted there had been seconded for the summit conference. And if the upset in crime forced Castro's ability to keep such unpleasantness in Cuban affairs under wraps—he refuses to release crime statistics or allow crime stories to be published—so did the

the start it was obvious that there would be a summit battle to set the guidelines for the future of the movement. On one side was Castro, setting a pro-Soviet line, and on the other the grand old man of nonalignment, President Tito of Yugoslavia, striking a more moderate stance—the Latin Bull against the Balkan Bear.

In the event, both met with some success. It was generally agreed by most delegates that the most sufficient backing from moderates such as India, Indonesia, Tanzania and others to ensure that the Soviets will not, in effect, take

over the nonaligned movement. For his part, Castro proved that he could control the working of the movement well enough to ensure that radical representatives will not provoking revolution is concerned.

As chairman of the movement for the next three years, Castro will dominate many of its joint policies and positions, and when he retires, they will take over for three years, followed probably by Latin. Thus the nonaligned are in for nine years of radicalism.

Castro's major speech of the conference, broadcast throughout Cuba, was an explicitly anti-American that Washington's startled chamber was obliged to walk out (although his final act was devoid of dignity because the Cubans kept him waiting 15 minutes as the officials in the 36°C heat before letting him go through security barriers). By contrast, Tito's speech was even-handed and diplomatic.

Throughout the conference the delegates spoke with an earnestness that defied into the dreary as one after the other repeated often identical sentiments. In all there were about 85 hours of talks on the conference floor and one observer, present for all of it, was quite sure that not once did any trace of humor surface.

Amendments and proposals were legions and wide-ranging and one was aimed at Canada. Pakistan proposed, and a consensus was reached, that all of the aligned should break off diplomatic relations "of all kinds" with any country that explicitly or implicitly recognized Jerusalem as the capital of Israel. The motion now awaits approval by heads of state.

Other sinisterer controversies were barely kept from disrupting the proceedings. The conference refused to admit the Pol Pot regime of Kampuchea (although legally they should have done so) and then reached a consensus that the next summit must wait until 1985. The speeches seemed to indicate that it was the Pol Pot regime's switch away from the Soviets and toward the Chinese that condemned it for that nonaligned representatives. Egypt was another target of anger and the Camp David peace agreement with Israel was widely condemned. Castro made sure that all radicals were given prime-time spots to talk on the topic while Egypt's supporters found themselves at the podium around midnight when most delegates had either gone home or fallen asleep.

Overall, there was a track of 1984 about the sixth nonaligned summit conference in Havana. And one left with the feeling that the tough next turn into a above before the next decade is out.

William Lowther

## A nation silenced, an uncle buried

"They say they will cry at a ceremonial funeral." So across the next corner where his last week was to die a bunch of low, young sailors, many of them five-figure, to drive East Mountbatten's funeral gun through the streets of London. To celebrate night he seemed an unexpressed expression of the still year to be washed, but at least the sponsored officer was acknowledging that the emotion of the occasion, unexpressed since Winston Churchill's passing in 1965, might prove too much even for youngsters born a generation after Mountbatten's final hour.

The Royal Family's beloved "Uncle Dickie" was going home to rest in a country crypt after a ceremonial funeral in Westminster Abbey attended by mourners from 14 royal houses, by five British prime ministers and a galaxy of distinguished international dignitaries, along with service units from Canada to India.

The British monarch herself magnificently (but the paganism of the one, which would have glorified the heart of its subject—an unacknowledged lover of the cat's paw—was clearly in tragedy from the manner of his passing, not peacefully, as he had reportedly told at 78, but driven up by Princess Alice's bombast as he took a happy forty-fifth trip on Dorset Bay in a brand.

Yet the mood in London was as restrained as the old commander and Mountbatten himself had spent his years at his funeral would have wished. Massed and silent crowds—bigger police said than those for Churchill's funeral—watched over by the tightly accurate operation London could muster, seemed all intended by design at the solemnity that had taken "England's favorite uncle."



Mountbatten's coffin at Westminster Abbey funeral: a simple tribute from Lilliput

As one headline writer dutifully left the funeral turned on a show more suitable for ratings than for mourning. Had son poured down on the weeping gardeners in their stilet high-heeled shoes and left bewilderment and bewilderment and an police movement subverted on almost every rooftop. The Union Jack-draped coffin with its admiral's cocked hat, sword and a golden acorn, symbol of one of Mountbatten's many roles—Protector of the Minerva—moved with an almost dancing motion lightly to and fro as the sailors bowed on the ropes. Ahead of the coffin came the 21-year-old black mare. Only a per of military bands received in the streets in the traditional sign of a royal leader.

In the 914 year old abbey, a grim-faced Queen seated the remains of her favorite cousin, Prince Charles, after reading the service, was observed to wipe his eyes with a white glove. Hand, along with Margaret Thatcher, four previous British prime ministers—Catharine, Wilson, Heath and Macmillan—were among the congregation who turned the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr Donald Coggan, press to "no a person."

Following the service Mountbatten's body was taken home to Hampshire on a special train. The Queen, Prince Philip and Prince Charles wait with the family mourners to send home Abbey where Mountbatten was last to rest in his chosen place, a chapel facing toward the sea. One of the many wreaths carried the simple inscription: "In loving memory from Philip and Lilliput."

Carol Kennedy

## The Middle East

### Piecemeal peace from visit No. 3

Egyptian President Anwar Sadat's arrival last week in Haifa called for a holiday mood, and an apocalyptic city was festooned with flags. As the white-haired Al Haugy eased into his birth, national anthems were played, formations of jet fighters roared overhead, a 21-gun salute boomed over the water and thousands



Begin (left) greeting Sadat at Haifa. Meirav Shalev in a goodwill trade for oil





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of fug-carrying Israeli schoolchildren filled the sidewalks to welcome the Egyptian leader. It was an impressive beginning.

This was Sadat's third visit to Israel and he wasted no time in trying to open a scene reminiscent to the well-paced negotiations for Palestinian autonomy in the West Bank and the Gaza Strip. "We are also equally determined to spread the umbrella of peace to include the Palestinian people," he said. "This is a moral cause to which we will remain faithful at all times."

But, as expected, an agreement on autonomy for Palestinians was reached. Prime Minister Menachem Begin has agreed to Palestinian participation in the talks but not by the Palestine Liberation Organization (PLO), which Israel refuses to recognize.

Meanwhile, however, Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan, recognizing that the talks are doomed without Palestinian participation, said that he plans to have more meetings with Palestinian leaders in the occupied West Bank and the Gaza Strip. On Sept. 8 he met Dr. Ahmad Haneh Natsah, a leader of the Arab Communist party, and Dr. Hader Abdel Shafi, a prominent supporter of the PLO. Dayan said the meetings were private and that "they have the right to express their political views."

Although no progress was made on the Palestinian issue (Sadat wants greater self-rule for the Palestinians than Begin is offering), the two men agreed to joint Israeli-Egyptian patrols in the Sinai as a temporary policing mechanism in the wake of the withdrawal of the armed United Nations Emergency Force. The problem arose last July when the Soviet Union refused to vote in the Security Council to extend the UN force. In such a case, it was agreed that the United States would provide a multinational force, but the U.S. was having difficulty attracting others into a force outside the UN. Egypt had opposed the final solution because it would mean Israeli soldiers would be on an anti-returned to Egyptian control, but Sadat gave in on the point.

There was also agreement on future Egyptian oil supplies to Israel. Israel had asked for two million metric tons of oil a year and Egypt had offered 1.5 million. The final level was reported to be two million, but the price is to be negotiated. As well, Begin, as a gesture of goodwill, agreed to relinquish Sharm El-Sheikh by Nov. 15, the second anniversary of Sadat's trip to Jerusalem, two months ahead of schedule.

It wasn't a profound meeting in Haifa, but one thing was clear: the two leaders have entered a new era of trust, frequently referring to each other as "friend." It was something to behold.

Warren Grand

## Sports

# White is the color

By Hal Quinn

The \$6,000 in attendance Saturday at Giants Stadium in East Rutherford, New Jersey, boost former U.S. secretary of state Henry Kissinger, and they bowed at Phil Parkes, the Vancouver Whitecaps goalie as he blew them home. The majority had come to see the Toronto Bay Revolution win the 1979 Soccer Bowl of the North American Soccer League but it was the Caps as the final whistle blew, winning 3-1.

They won it on a flailing four-two-five system that kept the league's top scorer, Oliver Pabst, and Hadley March, in his own goal, at bay. They won it with two goals by Trevor Whyman (his second assist in the Caps 14 playoff goals, earning him the playoff's Most Valuable Player award) and they won it on the superb goalkeeping of Parkes, whose diving catch of a Pabstian head shot, with minutes remaining, preserved the win. It was a dramatic capping of an uphill season, since 3,000 miles from the west coast.

An estimated 600 fans cheered their way back from New Jersey Sunday to catch up with their heroes, the 10 Britons, 11 Canadians and four South Africans on the Whitecaps were being paraded down the Granville Mall to cheering horns and applause from the mayor and citizens. The soccer fan in beautiful B.C. have fallen hard for the Caps. It has been a long time since ball and peak fallovers there have had any professional change to cheer, the days of Joe Kapp and Willie Fleming being lost memories for Union fans and the hockey Canucks, having won only the worst-dressed team award—bronze. The affair with the Caps, who have been around for six years, really began about halfway through last season.

Vancouver was an average town, attracting average-sized crowds (12,000 to 14,000) at crumbling Empire Stadium. ("When it was built in '64, it was one of the best facilities on the continent," says Caps Chairman of the Board Herb Caputo. "Now it's the worst.") The team had shifted away from the swiftness, testosterone-infused style of former coach Richard Krastman and adopted the coaching, free-wheeling flair of new coach Tony Walters. Expectations on rock radio stations,

including a recording of the team's fight song, *White is the color*, sung by the team, brought people in for a look. As if Hollywood-scripted, the Caps responded by winning their last 14 games to finish with 24 wins and six losses, tying the high-price New York Cosmos for the best record in the league. The spectators, carried through this season with 10,000 season tickets sold and complete sellouts of 32,773 for their final two playoff games.

When the Caps met the Cosmos in the deciding match and semi-final for a berth in Soccer Bowl '79, a lightning could have wandered down Granville unnoticed, or so the story goes. The streets were deserted, the beer halls were packed, the giant TV screens raged. After little Derek Fosse clipped the ball over Cosmos goalie Robert Brannstrom in the decisive moment and Nelson Morris failed to shoot in time for New York, horns blared, glasses crashed. *White is the color* could be heard wafting over the harbor from luxury yachts and a beer hall accustomed at the Dover Arms.

Yet the team lost between \$300,000 and \$400,000 last year, and as Caputo says, "This year we're not in the black."

The Caps apportion their player acquisition budget by 50 per cent this year and they say and more next season. The British Football Federation had stepped in "to lose" policy with the NASL and new teams will have to purchase their players outright. The only "loan" player on the Caps is top international star Alan Ball. "That's a little football and hockey," says Caputo. "Soccer is played all over the world. We can get players from everywhere." And, too, the NASL is no longer the babe in the clothes. Salaries are high and the players live it in the New World. "A lot of the English players find it better over here," says English goalie Phil Parkes, the Caps' and the league's best. Parkes adds, though, that it's the "travel, the number of games consumed into a short season and the variety of climates that we play in that makes the NASL one of the toughest leagues in the world."

But the sole harbor of Vancouver is ideal, not humid. It has helped as because one of the Harlan teams in the league," he says. "The climate's very similar to England, you know." And this the English, Vancouverites are in love with their game of soccer. After the playoff win over the Cosmos, more than 4,000 requests for season tickets for next year piled up in the Caps' office. It looks like white will be the color again next year.

With Thomas Hopkins in Vancouver



Whyman scoring his first of two goals, enough diamonds for another beer bath.

# Setting sails to the wind

About 30 years ago, a couple of Californians got tired of sitting around listening to Beach Boys records and waiting for the surf to come up. Computer analyst Hoyte Schweitzer and aeronautical engineer James Drake missed, then created windsurfing by attaching a sail to a board. In the ensuing decade sails and sales have followed in a rapidly growing sport variously known as sailboarding, surf-sailing and windsurfing.

The sport boomed in Canada in 1973 and the largest sailboarding regatta ever in North America was held. Lake Day weekend in Clear Lake, just north of Peterborough, Ontario. From across Canada, 138 male and female competitors raced over triangular, slalom and long-distance courses. In the end, Mike Gucci, 39, of Peterborough, ranked ninth in the world, defended his title of over-all Canadian champion and Jimmy Linder, 38, of Whistler, B.C., was the women's over-all crown.

At first attempt, sailboarding is a good way to combine swimming and hanging onto a floating board. "I started the sport about five seasons ago," says Gucci, "and spent one very wet day in a tank at the end of Alton Lake. Shot over the next two days I persevered and eventually got hooked on the sport." It was a little smoother for Linder. "If you start in light winds like I did, you might be able to sail the first day. I couldn't get back to the dock, but at least I was sailing." Phil McMillan of Toronto was one of the first Canadians to try it. "It took as about two weeks to figure out how to stand on the thing. Today, people are



learning in about 15 minutes."

The boards operate on a "free sail" system—a universal joint at the base of the mast allows the sail to rotate 360 degrees. The sail is manipulated as a rudder by the sailor hanging on to wish-bone-shaped booms fixed to the mast and surrounding the sail. Novices splash. Experts walk around the mast on the tip of the board while bouncing into waves, do handstands and carry partners on their shoulders.

It is estimated that there are more than 200,000 sailboard owners worldwide. About 1,700 Windsurfers were sold in Canada this year. ("Around 30 per cent of the sales have been in Ontario," says Gucci and B.C.," says Bill Whidden of Windsurfing International Canada.

Canadian champ Gucci and (below) start of long distance race: novices splash, the experts do handstands and sail playbooks.

"That's about quadruple last year's sales.") Sportsbooks bought about 1,000 Menah boards and 400 Surf-Sellers. The growth of the sport has come as no surprise to John Boothroyd of Wind Promotions in Toronto. "It was inevitable. The sport combines the physical endurance required in sailing with the intellectual knowledge required in sailing. The boards are durable, portable and the sport is ecological. All that's needed is wind and water." And next? Perhaps, a couple of guys sitting around writing for the wind to come up.

Ann Darrold

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## Business

# Prying open the Petrocan of worms

By Jane O'Hara

On the 15th floor of Calgary's "Bad Square," which houses Petro-Canada Chief Executive Officer Wilbert H. Hagger and his borrowed Indian art collection, the official response was quick and evasive. To the news that Energy Minister Joe Hnatyshyn had announced that a four-man task force would provide an overview of the \$14-billion national oil company, Hagger stated, "Petro-Canada will cooperate fully with the task force and will assist them expeditiously in their report." Although other reminders of discontent echoed profusely from the 15th floor, they did not escape the corporate bell jar. Hagger said to any Bembeur, when you're the child in a custody suit, you don't get a voice in the proceedings.

Equally quick but a good deal more glibness in their reactions were the two federal Opposition parties, which not only ran to the aid of their four-year-old progeny but proceeded to fight an election on the issue if the need arose. The debate centres on their contention that if the government proceeds to sell off the profitable assets of its Crown corporation, Petrocan, the funds needed for high-risk frontier exploration, as well as research and development in oil and gas, will be severely hampered to come from the federal treasury. New Democratic Party leader Ed

Broadbent called the Conservative initiative "totally unacceptable" and launched himself on a four-gear tour to drum up support for the oil corporation. Liberal energy critic Marc LaRonde was so "outraged" that he took to quipping "Petrocan? It is worse than dishwater. It is stupid." Then, in his own less aphoristic words, he added, "It's a half-baked compromise that will send

## Fast burn on the trading floor

If you're looking for the heat and light being generated by Canada's petroleum companies, the real place to look these days is the stock market. Although oil from Petro-Canada's successful drilling in the Beaulieu Sea may take months—even years—before delivery to customers, the announcement of the discovery last week sent Toronto Stock Exchange traders on a buying rampage and pushed the TSE composite index to its largest recorded gain made in a single day.

Canada's announcement, coupled with the unexpected revelation by Calgary-based Blower Oil & Gas of a relatively large oil find in southern Ontario, made but wasn't all trading particularly active but it's steady gait of an extended boom in energy stocks going back more than a year during which time share prices have more than doubled. Imperial Oil shares, for

Mt. Pelicci Island drill site, father figure

the company has-to-be-to taxpayers to carry out long-term operations. It's taken us four years to build it into the largest Canadian oil company but, with its financial power gone, the seven sisters will rise again.

Nonplanned by the opposition, Hnatyshyn called the reaction "predictable." Conservative Supply and Services Minister Keith Louie called it a "bluff," knowing that the Tories' political sea-to-the-land line with Father Roy and the Creditistas who have pledged support for the Tories on Petrocan when the issue hits the Commonsense floor.

Hnatyshyn's announcement, which coincides with the Conservative cabinet's newly fortified resolve to get moving on energy promises, highlighted that a "significant" portion of Petrocan's assets will be returned to the private sector while certain functions will continue to remain with the government. It will be up to the four-man task force of Don McLaughlin, a prominent Ontario Conservative on leave from his job as president of Labatt Brewing Co. Ltd.; Roland Glosens, former Hydro-Quebec president; Ralph Sykes, a partner in a Halifax firm of chartered accountants; and Sydney Kahanoff, former chief executive officer of Vancouver Petroleum Ltd. of Calgary, to decide how to disburse the assets. At

"At an estimated injection in Petro-Canada's share price, the government's announcement that it will be returning a significant portion of the company's assets to the private sector will be a major factor in the company's performance over the next few years," says a Petro-Canada spokesman.

example, trading at about \$18 last week, the oil company has moved from a low of \$27 last September to last week's price of \$31 and Canadian Superior Oil stocks have jumped from \$75 to \$152 in the past two months alone.

With stock prices climbing, the petroleum companies themselves want to grab as big a piece of the action as possible before the last bargain has disappeared. That it also took a last year's oil mergers and take-overs, with Alberta Gas Trunk Line moving to complete its purchases of Husky Oil, Master Resources shipping up Ashford Oil Canada for \$440 million, and McWend Development Company (a feeder-building company) grabbing Vagabond Petroleum for \$196 million. There were others and there will be more to come as oil becomes scarcer and scarcer. Said one oil analyst: "There isn't a man alive who shouldn't have at least 25 per cent of his investment portfolio in Canadian oil stocks."

Anthony Whitehead



Hnatyshyn: The child in a custody suit

the end of 1976, they were \$729.9 million, working capital was \$11.1 million and net earnings for the period \$3.3 million. Last year, Petrocan almost quadrupled its assets and showed a profit of \$84 million, largely due to the retroactive \$1.5-billion take-over of Pacific Petroleum Ltd. That take-over, at the time the largest in Canadian history, was vigorously denounced by Conservative energy critic Allan Lawrence, who called Petrocan a "Crown monster" for wanting in on the exploration rights of oil companies while still draining \$300 million annually from the public purse. As an officer, then federal minister of energy, mines and resources, called the acquisition "a natural fit." It was generally conceded that the take-over was, in part, intended to make Petrocan so solvent that the Tories would be difficult justifying its desirability.

That task now falls to Hnatyshyn who, according to insiders, had the battle to retain the Crown corporation during their cabinet meetings in Jasper two weeks ago. Evidence of it surfaced during Hnatyshyn's press conference last week, when he knew petroleum was under the TV lights. Said the minister: "This government works on consensus... and at all times, and I'm happy to be a part of it." Then he laughed. ☐

## The credit revolution

Quebecers have traditionally feared financial insecurity. Any investment more daring than a con-fused sock under the mattress was suspect, and French-speaking Quebecers failed to produce a significant capitalist class while their cash-bloated classes (pulpitists) (credit unions) have evolved into rich but stagnant pools of capital.

Now, a unique investment alliance is challenging tradition, structurally financing venture-backed business endeavours and making grants for pioneering airline and chair-lift investments. Combining the principles of capitalism, credit unions and chair lifters, the Fédération des Caisses d'Épargne. Economists do Quebec topped \$1 billion in assets this year and expects to double that within another two years.

The inspirational leader and president of the Caisses d'Épargne is Jacques Gagnon, a former model-maker and restaurateur in his hometown of Alma in the Lac St. Jean region nearly 150 miles north of Quebec City. Refused a business loan by the banks in 1960, Gagnon concluded that the unemployed-based in Montreal and Toronto discredited against small-town entrepreneurs. So he decided to create a strictly local capital source and he recruited 24 Alma townships to smelt together the seed money. There are now

"Private money moved to help."



30 autonomous but federated Caisses d'Épargne branches and a new one opens every couple of months—everywhere, that is, except in Montreal. From the original group of 36, membership has grown to 350,000.

Now members are more than a source of funds. Rich in a convert is Gagnon's heretical belief that there is no sin in taking moderate risks or making modest profits. It's an economic information source, surely needed in a province where, so far, the state has been forced to fill the vacuum created in the wake of departing English-Canadian capital.

Sometimes the conversions are comical. One recruit, a farmer, invested \$15,000 in weekly bills that had been buried in bottles under his fields. But, even disbelievers, Caisses d'Épargne members come to the earth each branch must invest at least 80 per cent of its assets locally, most of it in job-creating projects.

As the new \$25-million headquarters building rises in Alma, Gagnon's movement in making conspicuous acquisitions which will attract new members and make the competing centres popular. He expects more than ever by comparison. Several weeks ago the Caisses d'Épargne bought Mont Tremblant Lodge six miles north of Montreal and announced a \$55-million plan to turn the resort into a year-round tourist and recreation centre.

Meanwhile Gagnon's group continues to press for a consortium of Quebec interests to take over Nordair Ltd., 11 per cent of which the Caisses d'Épargne already controls—the rest is temporarily in the hands of Air Canada. The larger aim is a merger between Nordair and Quebecair, to create a single Quebec-based airline.

The grand strategy underlying all its moves, in Gagnon's words, is to make Caisses d'Épargne members, a determined effort to turn Quebec into a resource-processing province instead of a mere supplier of raw materials to foreign factories. His objective: "To make up for Quebec's 200 years of backwardness in business." David Thomas

Gagnon and Mont Tremblant Lodge in investment, weekly bills buried in bottles



# 'An economist ought to be given the same welcome as a body washed up on shore'

By Rodolphe McQueen

Back in January, when the world was snowy white, they warned us it would come suddenly this summer. Economists as thick as ticks and ferrets in hot bats all eroded the contrasts of their mascot, the usual word, and proclaimed: the recession is coming. All of the predictions were by halfdozenes—identical, responsible to yellow and potentially destructive. They said interest rates would lead higher, the U.S. economy

would slow down, Canada's balance-of-payments problems would worsen and the bad times would flow like cornflakes through a funnel. The border, they said, is no more a barrier to economic disaster than it is to seek 20th-century sanity as refuge from or against. Economists. If Jimmy Carter overhauls his economy, Joe Clark gets frustrated, if U.S. growth stalls, Canada suffers freer trade.

These repetitive predictions created a kind of mental inertia among listeners and started the countdown for the longest anticipated recession in modern times. When Statistics Canada announced late last month that Canada's real gross domestic product had declined at a 2.5-per-cent annual rate during 1979's second quarter, the bad news was almost removed with some relief by the glow-sayers. The question is this: Did Canada go where they predicted it would... or where it was led to go? If the third quarter shows continuing declines in the value of all the goods and services produced in Canada, that will mean two successive downward quarters—the classic definition of a recession.

But who are those bad news bears who ramble off their self-building prophecies? They work for banks and other reliably cautious sources in a variety of every office towers and just come down to earth to take the elevator home. You must understand, too, that economists never were children, they matured on street corners and billboards. As children said, economists want to cover up laughter wrinkles with Supp-loose face

mask. An economist may well be wise, but will expect the purchase price of a hat to include lessons in how to wear it. In short, an economist ought to be given the same welcome as a body lately washed up on shore. They're much a poorer crowd, these promoters of pessimism.

An economist's greatest skill comes in constantly updating predictions, so that by the end of the year accuracy is assured. In addition to citing causes toward warning targets, the names change regularly. Theorists take on new guises and so pretend that someone else

reading is far different from the bleak recession predicted, even in the face of the declining gross national product numbers. While Canada cannot be isolated from a world out of joint, the peak is as movable as, viewed from afar, inflation is running at 8.1 per cent, lowest 12-month rate in more than two years. Unemployment is now 13 per cent, lower level in three years. Of all the industrial countries, Canada has the lowest price for all business capital spending in up a healthy seven per cent this year and profits have surged 41.1 per cent, added by strong export sales with the 86-cent Canadian dollar. Retail sales for the first half of the year were up more than 12 per cent.

C&C Yachts of Oakville, Ontario, sold \$5 million in luxury personal vessels in one recent 30-day period. Kook group Supertramp sold \$5 million in tickets in a July series of concerts in 16 Canadian cities. Investment bankers predict Canada will need and find \$1.4 trillion for capital investment in Canada during the next 12 years.

The best of times, say the economists, the best of times. But the pessimists say so: a major a global traveller, expating cheap oil, fast cars and quarter times. The beleaguered Canadian dollar has made everyone, if not sophisticated, at least aware of the fragility of world economies. Even the timid rise in world oil prices has not destroyed, as economists predicted it would, the world's monetary system. There is, however, a new dilemma. The continuing dark view of the future that is predicted by economists is a demoralizing force. Such a dose of the 1970s causes a spirit of despair, a selfish belief of individualism. While there is no need for a blanket Polynesian view where all is wonderful, there shouldn't be a blind pessimism that all is wounded. Face the problems, certainly, but search for solutions. Let's come the endless sightings of recession under every rock and natural. And if economists choose not to live happily, well, in every life a little heads must fall.



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## Medicine

# Inventions are just what the doctors ordered



Recently in the number of Toronto's  
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stitute Inc. (MPI) is an experienced med-  
ical, ensuring safe delivery of the off-  
spring of Canada's medical inventors.  
Many of those it has helped into the  
world are in wide use in the medical  
field throughout North America. Now  
MPI's "Tandem" has gained a foothold in  
Europe, with the shipment to Spain this  
year of an electronic device that can  
save hospital beds for thousands of dollars.

Spain's purchase of the MPI-spon-  
sored heart/beat is just a small first  
sign of things to come, predicts Lester  
Glaize, 51-year-old executive of the in-  
stitute, which was set up in 1979. Other  
European countries, he says, are begin-  
ning to ask for details about the Cana-  
dian "wonderkind"—an audio heart  
monitor that warns hospital staff when a  
x-ray takes, costing up to \$8,000 each,  
are in danger of failure through oversize  
or improper maintenance of wiring ma-  
chines. It will soon be available in 44  
countries where Atomic Energy of Can-  
ada Ltd. is active and acts as the pro-  
duct's marketing arm.

None of a recommendation of the  
Maritimes Research Council to encour-  
age and promote local medical product  
manufacturers, MPI is the only body of  
its kind in Canada. Its volunteer board  
of medical, industrial and financial ex-  
perts knows to say new ideas—whether  
for improved bedpans or advanced elec-  
tronics equipment. The nucleus are  
brought in by doctors, technicians, pa-  
tients, engineers, housewives and even  
the odd look. More than half are re-  
jected, but at any given time two to

MPI's Glaze demonstrates an invention

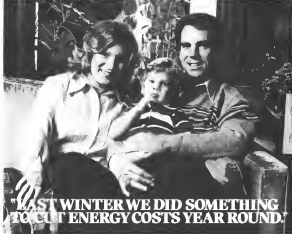
three down are being embraced or med-  
icated for market.

Glaize sees MPI as a bridge between  
inventors, manufacturers, patent attor-  
neys and marketing men. "Before we  
came along an inventor had to make all  
the connections himself and his ideas  
were vulnerable," he says. "Many ideas  
simply got lost in the shuffle. We don't  
actually develop a product but we will  
make all the right connections."

The nonprofit body is funded by pro-  
vincial and federal grants, but also ar-  
ranges with investors for a percentage  
of royalties in some cases. Products it  
has started to date include artificial  
fins, a helmet-shaped hearing-aid head-  
set designed for mentally or physically  
disabled patients, a vacuum splint that  
removes fractures, fractures or sprains  
and monitors to the body's sensors, and a personal heart-rate meter. The  
latter is wrist-worn and constantly dis-  
plays the pulse of cardiac patients or  
fitness buffs.

Though many of the ideas encouraged  
by MPI have come from Maritime inven-  
tors (including one housewife whose  
idea won international acclaim and de-  
manded \$100,000 and was publicly re-  
fused), Glaize regards all the world as a  
world. Ideas from the U.S. and as far  
away as New Zealand have been given  
consideration.

"The only regular bodies I know of are  
in Sweden and California," says Glaize.  
"We act as a total consciousness  
bridge in a field that can be highly tech-  
nical and sophisticated." And, for Can-  
ada, profitable. Peter Carlyle-Gardner



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# COURVOISIER



## Agriculture

### Battle of Highway 101: how green will be the valley?

**D**uring the first heady years of his administration, Nova Scotia Premier Robert Stanfield announced grand plans for a new, limited-access highway from Halifax to Yarmouth through the lush Annapolis Valley. Highway 101, he said at the time, would be his government's top transportation priority after completion of the province's section of the Trans-Canada Highway. In the late '60s—as now—everyone agreed that a new road like this was desperately needed to replace narrow, winding Route 1 which meandered through almost every valley town and hamlet on its lazy way to Yarmouth. But nearly two decades and two complete changes of government later, the road has spluttered only as far as Kingston, barely a quarter of the 200-mile distance to Yarmouth. While road crews have been busily building new highways through most of the rest of the province, completion of the valley route has been stalled by a bitter controversy over exactly what route the highway should take through the An-

napolis Valley, one of Nova Scotia's, indeed Canada's, richest agricultural regions.

From the outset, the engineers and bureaucrats in the department of highways have favored a northern route along the valley floor that would, they argued, be the cheapest and most efficient way to get from point A to point B.

But, as critics were quick to point out, that route would cut a 200-foot-wide slice through 50 of the valley's most productive farms. The highway would not only prevent farmers from using parts of their acreage, the critics charged, but it would also encourage new service-station, shopping-centre, and motel development that would eat up more valuable agricultural land. That, in turn, would lead to higher property assessments and force other farmers out of business. Because agriculture is the valley's single most important industry, producing more than \$6 million worth of farm products annually and supporting more than 40 agriculture-related manufacturing and processing firms, the chance of a highway route quickly became a highly charged sectional issue. The protesters—who at one time included members of virtually every affected municipal government and the Annapolis Valley affiliated boards of trade as well as farmers and environmental groups—even proposed an alternative highway along the slope of the valley's South Mountain. Although more costly—\$31.5 million versus \$17.5 million for the northerly route—the southern alignment would leave farmland virtually untouched.

Each side dug in its heels early on and, until the election of John Buchanan's Conservatives last fall, no government was willing to force the issue that would inevitably follow a final decision either way. The Tories had barely been in office four months, however, when they announced last January that the new highway would be built along the northern route. When the Highway 101 South Committee, an umbrella group representing the protesters, argued that they might seek an injunction to halt the project, the government replied by threatening not to build any highway at all if they lost in court.

"Now there's a lot more at stake than

Lush farmland of Annapolis Valley (above). Highway protection not just a road at stake.



Courvoisier: The Brandy of Napoleon.

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# MS

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simply where the highway ends up," contends 289 Percy, an Annapolis greenhouse operator and author, who is co-chairman of the Highway 101 South Committee. "The government's decision goes against a very clear-cut expression of public opinion and so the issue now is whether or not the democratic process is going to be allowed to prevail."

The government contends that its decision was based on what one official called "the most complete location study ever undertaken for any highway in the province." Conducted by the department of highways, the study compared the two routes on 20 different criteria, ranging from cost to safety and concluded that the "negative aspects of the agricultural concerns" would be more than offset by gains for local business and industry because the northern route would run closer to the valley's major population centres.

Benjamin, replies Percy, who argues that department officials simply tailored their report to support their original position. The real issue for the government's decision, contends Tim Henneper, the president of the Annapolis County Federation of Agriculture, is politics. "Politics will make leaders than anything else in the province," he says, "and I can't see any other good reason to pick the route that would go right through farmland."

Whatever the reason for the government's hand late in the highway route, it now means likely that the bulldozers will begin to rip through valley farms next spring unless the Highway 101 South Committee can convince a judge to stop the project. Although the committee has been putting off a legal battle, it hopes that public pressure will change the government's mind. Percy says they are prepared to go to court if necessary. He admits, though, that because of the exhausting battle over the highway, much of the original opposition has now melted away. Faced with the pressing need for a new transportation link of some kind to Halifax and Yarmouth and cowed by the government's threats to stop all construction, most of the local municipalities have fallen into line behind the northern route. And many of the affected farmers have quietly begun to make deals with government land buyers. "That was the strategy of the department of highways from the beginning," says Percy. "If you keep people on the hook long enough, eventually you'll wear them down and they'll give in."

Percy isn't giving in. "This issue is just too important," he says. "They say that our proposed route would cost \$4 million more than the northern alignment. But how do you compare that with the cost of us let them destroy the traditional economy of the valley? Farming is what the valley is all about."

Stephen Kimber

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## Anthropology

### Life is a gamble

Economists have long recognized similarities between games and life. Successful gamblers take risks and deal with uncertainties, and so do successful businessmen. But now an anthropologist who has studied gambling habits of Inuit in Port Burwell, Northwest Territories, goes further and concludes that an entire society's gambling habits reveal secrets about how its social and economic life is organized.

At the isolated island settlement off the northern tip of Labrador, Dr. David Riches of Queen's University, Belfast, found an uneasy resemblance between gambling games Inuit played on different occasions and their real-life background. For the moment, Riches says, he prefers to confine his conclusions to primitive societies. But he believes further research would demonstrate that gambling is a mirror of any



Photo: Ian Macdonald

society—even of a modern sophisticated one. "Gambling is an integral part of culture, and not a pathology, a symptom of social disease," says Riches. "It is as much a part of culture as football."

To illustrate the point, he contrasts two gambling games played at Port Burwell. Flashed together in tests waiting for storms to abate, Inuit hunting parties play a game called

**Inuit gambling: any society's mirror**

lusk, with a wooden spinning top and its attached cube. They use bullets as sticks, trying to guess which side of the cube marked on the top will be exposed when it falls. It is a game of pure chance, competitive, yet friendly. Seasons are normally quiet, harmonious affairs—appropriate to a party of

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human beings plotting their wits against nature in dangerous circumstances.

Katzen reflects the fact that limit hunt hunting as a competitive activity, with prestige accruing to the man who is the most successful, says Riches. But it also implies recognition that luck and co-operation are involved in hunting as well. The harmonious atmosphere surrounding the game reflects the fact that members of the hunting party share the spoils scrupulously.

But back in the limit huntment the rules of behavior are different. Individual competition in the name of the game as everyone tries to maximize assets by manipulating cash and credit resources. In the camp the gambling game is a form of rumour known as *gambel*, in which players must decide when to play a hand or group of cards and when to hold back—potting as they must in real life for scarce cash and supplies. There is no question of sharing the spoils, and little pity for the loser who is described as *katolung* (fallen)—a word also used to describe a person who has fallen through the ice or has drowned his possessions over a cliff. On hunting trips when women come along, it is still only the men who gamble, just as only the men hunt. But in the settlement, where women play a key economic role through their accounts at the co-operative shop, women join in the gambling sessions.

After leaving Port Barrow in the early 1980s, Riches began looking at other anthropologists' gambling studies and discovered they bore out his conclusions. In Bali, Indonesia, for instance, he found that reckoning, with women placing enormous bets on their own birds, reflects a basically Hindu society where informed risk is important in determining social status. Successful gambling results, as it does in mainstream economic life, from accurately estimating one's prospects, and prestige is exponentially advanced by victory in the ring. The use of odds also mirrors the agricultural basis of Bali society.

Riches says the situation is far more complicated in modern societies. "My studies have been confined to face-to-face gambling situations," he says. "I do not believe the same conclusions would apply to lottery betting, which I understand is wildly popular in Canada. This is because no social relationship is involved." But, he says, gambling is very much an integral part of culture and unless it gets out of hand, is evidence of health in a society. "Certainly as far as the Eskimos are concerned, the real signs of social breakdown are shown through the consumption of alcohol—set through gambling." The odds are that gambling just could be, as the anthropologist sees it, a "metaphor of mainstream economic life." **Ian McNeil**

## Health

# The plight that still falls on deaf ears

Most television viewers wouldn't want it, the network would have to pay about \$2,000 an hour more for it, but to Canada's 200,000 deaf it would be a major breakthrough in the communications barrier that has isolated them. It's called "closed captioning," a system which allows the deaf to view captions on their television screens with the aid of special decoding devices. "The CBC aims to provide television in French and English to any community of 600 or more," says George Wall, executive director of the newly formed Canadian Co-ordinating Council on Deafness, "and with 200,000 deaf Canadians, we just felt they were entitled to service as well." The council lobbied, unsuccessfully, for closed captioning during last fall's round of licence renewal hearings before the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission (CRTC).

But for the deaf in the United States and Canadians near border stations, the breakthrough will come in January when three U.S. networks (ABC, NBC and PBS) begin to broadcast up to 15 hours a week of captioned prime-time programming. (The American networks have agreed to purchase captions for roughly \$8,000 an hour from the non-profit National Captioning Institute which is subsidised by the U.S. departments of health, education and welfare.) That fall deafness will sell in U.S. stores for about \$200 and next spring they will retail in Canada.

The response from Canadian networks has been mixed.

CBC agreed before the CRTC that with the potential price tag of about \$2.5 million for 30 hours a week of captioned television, the network's 18 stations "brankly couldn't afford it." The CBC has been experimenting with split-screen sign-language transmissions of news or other live events when captioning is impossible. And CBC Director of Corporate Affairs Gordon Noble says there's a "good possibility" that captions will be added to the custom print portion of next month's parliamentary coverage via cable stations.

During the past year, deaf groups have obtained scattered help elsewhere. Ontario's CTV affiliate, CTVN, explains a weekly news wrap-up and several cable stations provide simultaneous sign-language transmissions of newscasts.

But unlike help offered to other handicapped persons, the nature of deafness is so little understood that sometimes efforts do more harm than good. Last April, Canadian Hearing Society's Michael Vanarsieff left in disgust with members of his arrival at the Liberal party's election rally in Maple Leaf Gardens in Toronto. He had obtained tickets for 70 deaf persons and planned to interpret the prime minister's message by sign language. But their seats were scattered among 15,000 others and

the merits of teaching sign language and speech or sign language. Sign-language advocates say many cannot exist with lipreading because only 25 per cent of English words differ in appearance when mouthed, and lipreading proponents maintain sign language, although more accurate, hampers integration, forcing the deaf to live in "ghettos."

But all groups agree that for the thousands who communicate solely by sign language, the need for more interaction with government, courts and other areas is great. "There are almost no psychiatrists, psychologists, judges or lawyers in Canada who can use sign language fluently," says Canadian Hearing Society spokesman Sally Farr. The society provides hearing aids, testing, interpreting, counselling and employment services in Ottawa only.

The denial of such services can prove tragic as in the case of 25-year-old deaf-mute Galya Schup, who was locked up



Far: denial of services can be tragic

highlighted what not immediately with spotlight show ceilings. He recalled "It was a total fiasco."

Rev. Bob Kornblat, a United Church of Canada minister who has worked with Canada's deaf for 25 years, says they are 10 years behind the blind in obtaining services. This spring Barnhill opened the \$2.5-million Ontario Community Centre for the Deaf and now says he is prepared to go to jail if he needs because city officials are trying to force him to install audio fire alarms in the group home. They (the blind) organized years ago, besides, the public understands and sympathizes with blindness, but not with deafness.

Also hampering progress has been division within the deaf community over

for two years in a mental hospital for the criminally insane with Alberta's most dangerous psychotics because he was severely retarded and could not stand trial.

It took his lawyer, Alex Pringle, and interpreter, Bernice Wood, several hearings to convince judges that Galya was intelligent enough to be tried. In April, his "horrifying experience" ended with his acquittal on a charge of indecent assault and subsequent release. Exiled Wood "He was almost left in there to rot forever because schools didn't want to teach him how to communicate effectively and because those who judged his mental competence were unable to communicate in any way whatsoever with him."

Diene Francis



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**Labor**

## Northern fallout from the grape boycott



**S**ince 75 was won and march won in the last British Columbia election, a woman with a megaphone shouts a slogan, the marchers respond. Television cameramen scurry backward, sound men marking interference. It is a scene, in its own quiet way, that parallels the media-dominated campaign of California's United Farm Workers (UFW). Symbolized by the chivalled face of Cesar Chavez, the UFW was the first to farm a union to negotiate with California fruit and vegetable growers in 1972. But B.C.'s Chavez is a mild East Indian named Raj Chahal and the farm workers are mostly from the Punjab, not Jalisco. Rather than the lush valleys around Salinas or Bakersfield, the backdrop for this dispute is the gentle sweep of the lower Fraser Valley, stretching east from Vancouver. Chahal, 30, is the president of the Farm Workers Organizing Committee (FWOC), whose sole reason for existence is to bring about Canada's first union of field workers.

This is not *The Grapes of Wrath*. There are no dust-mixing dunes, no violence. The eight-month-old FWOC wants to organize the workers peacefully, grower by grower, starting with the 150 or so farms in the verdant lower Fraser Valley. Both their friends,

though, admit the battle will be protracted and perhaps even futile given the volatile tar-and-tar rule of the valley's 1,000 farm workers and the lack of an industry revolution.

FWOC complaints include: overcrowding and unsanitary conditions in labour camps on the farms; no water or shade in the fields; piecework wages

Marching farm workers (above), Chahal is a protracted, perhaps futile battle.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES HARRIS

"This species of field hands charging across during the peak of harvest and camp on arrival and as the Motherland rises across farmers' neighbours. It would be the reaction of the industry, in spite of the devotion of the B.C. Federation of Agriculture. John Deere. There are an estimated 20,000 full-time and 200,000 part-time farm workers across Canada.

that average less than the province's minimum wage (\$4 per hour), 14-hour days, shovelling of 30 workers into a labour contractor's van designed for 18, and the withholding of wages by contractors. As with most Canadian farm workers, they are not protected by provincial minimum-wage or working-conditions legislation. The five-year-old Canada Farm Labor Board, a federally funded agency which was created in the valley, has attempted to mediate improvements but has been hindered by budget cutbacks and lack of enforcement muscle. Although farmers shoulder some of the blame ("Conditions in some farm camps are really bad," says Abbotsford community worker John Smith), most serious fingers point to farm-labor contractors who supply farmers with field workers and collect and distribute wages.

Largely East Indian, the worst of the contractors manipulate the workers—mainly women, many of them recent immigrants—locking them in an almost feudal protective relationship that preys on their ignorance of Canadian laws and their lack of proficiency in English. For their part, growers don't question the existence of slaves and are willing to consider minimum wages, lowering of contractors and other measures short of a union. Barn Gaur Agritree, seedling blueberry farmer and now a director of the B.C. Federation of Agriculture. "We'll look at almost anything as long as it lets growers stay competitive," Chahal says. Farmers can stay competitive by paying the 75 cents or so an hour that now go to the contractor, directly to the worker. The FWOC proposes to transport pickers to the fields via farmer-subsidized buses and assume the role of contractor.

Chahal also accuses B.C. Labor Minister Allen Williams of participating with his spring promise to introduce legislation to protect farm workers from exploitation in the next session. No legislation was introduced in B.C.'s short summer session but Williams promised a bill in the next session and says he plans to meet with California officials on that state's handling of the contractor issue.

The most potent obstacle for Chahal and his would-be union, however, is mechanization. One raspberry-picking machine can replace 80 hand-pickers. Cries for union talk will speed the favorable advance of mechanization. Chahal is unmoved, saying the farmers have mechanized as far as they can. He emphasizes that he and his 10-member committee have signed up 1,000 workers already, in various varieties of door-knocking. "It will be long," he says, "in both loss of union solidarity, but we will win." He may have to hurry.

Thomas Hopkins



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# The calligraphy of pain

By Hubert de Santiana

**S**ucculent sea plants with flowers like ruffled asterisks cover the sandy slope from Brian Moore's house to the beach at Malibu. Surfers cling like sealskins to the crests of long, gently spacing waves. Reflected on the blue cushions of a chaise longue on his terrace, Moore trains a pair of binoculars beyond the surfers, scanning the ether dimple of the Pacific for signs of the whales, seals, sea lions and pelicans that visit the coast of southern California. "I love the sea because I was brought up in Ireland near the sea and as the sea every summer," says Moore, as he puts aside the binoculars. "Here I am about an hour's drive from Beverly Hills or Los Angeles, yet at that beach it's lonelier than it would be on the west coast of Ireland." He adds, smiling, "To go to live on the sea is to have arrived." He qualifies this by explaining that the beach has been bought by the state, and all but two houses have been torn down. "We live in lonely splendor, where we would have to be millionaires to afford normally."

Not that Moore has had his last novel, *The Doctor's Wife*, published in 1978, was a huge commercial success, earning him about \$500,000 in royalties, film and paperback rights. His new novel, *The Morgan Inheritance*, is a bleak masterpiece (see review, page 66) which is almost certain to become another literary, notational best-seller. Moore has paid his dues with 12 novels written over a span of 24 years, a body of work that commands a respect rare in modern literature. The reason, I think, is something that often people don't understand: Ireland is a country where the people speak and behave in a so-called manner that they do in Canada. And so when you write about them they may come alive in a way that perhaps Canadians don't. But to then accuse the person who has lived, as I have, for 30 years in and around Canada, of not understanding Canadianism, is wrong. No one accuses a Canadian writer of being thin or writing rather dully about them, because it's an accepted tradition.

Many of Moore's major fictional characters are Canadian, and in his new novel the hero is a Canadian. "I feel more at home writing about Canadians than I do writing about Americans even, though I know Americans fairly well. One reason is that—they would be



Moore at home in Malibu, living his ghosts with courage, honesty and forgiveness

unwilling to hear that—I find Canadians more interesting than Americans. You get to know Americans very quickly. You can know an American up to a certain level of intimacy within six weeks, but after 12 years you do not know him any better. As you get to know Canadians over a period of years, you know more and more about them; they become more complex, they reveal themselves, they unveil themselves."

Brian Moore is a totally unassuming man. He is a middle-aged, middle-sized man with a friendly smile. He is a Canadian, of course, and it is a measure of his humanity that he was able to continue working on *The Morgan Inheritance* through two years of serious illness. He had to undergo major surgery—twice—two stomachs. An operation in Dublin was botched, and Moore nearly died. A year later a second operation at the OLSA Medical Center was successful. Now, minus half a stomach, and 30 pounds lighter, Moore feels that he has been given a new lease on life. He is

gratified by it, and seems and feels remarkably. But the price he has paid for his recovery is written on his face. Ited with the calligraphy of pain. His eyes are dark eyes and opaque and unflinching. It is the face of a man who has not only outlived death, but has bravely entered the abyss of himself

"an old batch gone in the teeth." "Twelve from the grammar of our emotions," Moore wrote in *Prayer* (1973). His father was a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons and a university lecturer. His conflicts with his existence, his, Brian, produced the latter with one of the clearest themes of his fiction. Moore's father appears in his personal diaries in nearly all his novels, most notably in *An Answer From Limbo* (1962), in which Brendan Tierney says of his father: "He did not sympathize with failure...by his lights, I had not been a success. I feel that he thought me stupid...I wanted to prove to him that he was wrong that I, of all his children, would do him honor."

With the outbreak of the Second World War, Moore dropped out of St. Malachy's College in Tennessee Jesuit institution immortalized in *The Feast of Epiphany* and joined a Belfast Air Raid Precautions Unit, and then, in 1942, the British Ministry of War Transport. He was to witness "the great happenings of my generation." He landed with the Allies in the south of France, saw the execution of collaborators in the streets of Marseille, observed the day when he was released from Stalag, saw the hideous extermination camp at Auschwitz, watched the Russian armies advance across Poland.

Three years after the war, the 22-year-old Moore emigrated to Canada. His choice of country was determined by two factors. He was in love with an older woman who was going to Canada (he lost her), and at the Canada government office in London an official told him that he could probably find a job as a Canadian newspaper. "They take a lot of people without experience" (in his words). Moore promptly sent a construction camp in the wilds of Northern Ontario, as a cost-saving clerk. His first writing in this country consisted of tallies for tractors and acreages. He eventually drifted to Montreal, where he was hired as a copywriter by the Montreal Gazette at a salary of \$300 a week. He came to become a reporter and a first-rate journalist. His early days at *The Gazette*, recalled in his 1960 novel, *The Look of Grief*, were not without a lack of the *Morgan Inheritance*.

When he was 30, Moore got married; he also got his first, rented cabin in the Laurentian mountains and began his first novel, *The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne*. Reading with the autobiographical tradition of Irish first novels, Moore wrote an extraordinary, powerful and moving work about the crisis of faith in an aging, plain-spoken Belfast spinster ("And once I had done it," Moore remembers, "in my assessment the book was very well received critically, and everyone had new

remarried it was that I had been able to project myself into a woman's mind." He was to give further evidence of his uncanny insight into the female psyche in later novels such as *I Am Mary Dooan* and *The Doctor's Wife*.

In *Judith Hearne* Moore dealt with themes that have haunted ever since his fictional world. His concern was with the anatomy of loneliness, the metaphysical isolation of these deprived of the consolations of love and religion, the consciousness of familial and marital relationships, the impermanence and inevitability of human life. Above all, he was concerned with the crisis in a person's life that results in a loss of spiritual bearings, a condition Moore has likened to that of a compass needle swiveling wildly when its true north suddenly is destroyed.

Moore's *Judith Hearne* and *Moore* "the lower's" advances, writing about small, pinched lives with great compassion. Moore endorses this indirectly when he says that "the secret of being a novelist is to be interested in ordinary people." The ordinariness of his characters makes them all the more real, and their credibility is enhanced by the accuracy of their dialogue. But his chief strength as a novelist lies in his ability to open sliding doors in the mind, to give access to levels of meaning that will satisfy any reader. Beneath the transparency of his prose is a complex and subtle philosophy. Moore, a lapsed Catholic, has proposed as a substitute for religious faith "a profound and coherent but ultimately tragic vision, informed with dark Celtic fatalism."

Moore believes that "one way in which a country does define itself is by a national literature." But although there are strong Canadiana links in many of his novels, he has not compromised his standards by narrowing his fictional terrain to Canada's geographical boundaries. Because he has believed in no one else on the altar of CanLit, the high prize of culture in this country have been reluctant to acknowledge Moore's distinguished contribution to our literature. What is overlooked is the fact that, although Moore left the country in 1960, he has remained a Canadian citizen, despite being entitled to American, British or Irish citizenship. Say, he "will be very happy to die a Canadian."

A self-called writer "who has always lived by choice in a non-litigious milieu," Moore alternated between New York and London for many years, and Malibu with his second wife, Jo, a Nova Scotia woman he married in 1965. They live a private, almost reclusive life in Malibu, avoiding the cocktail and party circuit. Once a week Moore drives to OLSA in his chocolate-brown Mercedes 450 G.



incredible (his only concession to his new wealth) where he teaches a creative writing course.

His nomadic life, he says, has left him displaced in a true way, in that "I look at everything, all conviction, about every one of the mistakes I have lived in. When I go back to Ireland I'm not really accepted as an Irish person, and I've never ever really been accepted as a Canadian, and certainly the minute I open



my mouth in America, I'm a foreigner." But being a stranger does have its advantages. "An outsider can sometimes have great insights into the sickness of a society."

The brilliant afternoon is mellowing into evening, and the waxes of the Pacific are frested with gold. It is time to go. Courtney and Brenda, Moore runs a hand in farrow. Then he goes to his bright and airy study, where one shelf is filled with single copies of his books hand-bound in leather. In that study he sends his imagination as a Canadian, and certainly the minute I open

Moore and his wife, Jean, lately spenders



Moore before his illness (left) and at 25, grim wisdom

lovely, endless pilgrimage into his past, facing his ghosts with courage and honesty and forgiveness. From that encounter he forges an art that will last as long as the English language. And if Canada is not yet ready to recognize the quality and importance of his achievement, Bruce Moore knows that history is on his side. In *The Mangan Testament*, a character makes this plain assertion: "Genius—the real thing, not the imitation—is hardly ever recognized in its own time. And yet the mark of true genius is that it can't be discouraged. Its time will come." ♦

## Mirror images

THE MANGAN TESTAMENT  
by Bruce Moore  
(McClelland & Stewart, \$12.95)

Bruce Moore's new novel is teased from very dark depths, and written with sustained intensity. There are echoes and resonances from Moore's earlier fiction, but these are part of a process of continuation rather than repetition. Jamie Mangan, 36, is a Canadian of Irish descent, a failed poet, ex-newspaper reporter and part-time correspondent for the CBC in New York. His American wife, Beatrice Abbott, star of stage and screen, asks her vast income to manipulate people. When she leaves Mangan for another man, he tells himself ruefully that Beatrice is "one of the all-American winners. And if she ditches you, it's because you're a loser: A Canadian loser." A marital paradise of U.S.-Canada relations.

Mangan retreats to Montreal "Canada, cruel landscape, its settlement a defiance of nature. Home." Nearly 50 years after he wrote of Ginger Coffey's experience as a professor for the



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Head of Manxan, Joyce's Doppelgänger

Montreal Gazette. Moore returns to the office of that newspaper. Joyce's father is the managing editor, a man whose "way of dealing with people and crises was to be brusque, cheerful, a little distant." There is an unusual reluctance in Moore's treatment of the relationship between Manxan, pive and Manxan, Ab. It is free of the agency and psychological Woodfinning of the father-son diaries in some of Moore's other novels.

While going through some family papers in Montreal, Jamie discovers a desertion of a man who is his great-uncle. It is tentatively dated 1947. Could this be the Irish poet James Clarence Manxan, "Europe's first polite renegade," who died in 1949? Jamie feels that if this link to the famous poet could be proved, it would revive his spirit. When Beatrice and her lover are killed in a car crash, Jamie inherits her money (she has not had time to change her will) and decides to go to Ireland to trace his forbear and identify if possible the mysterious Doppelgänger in the epigrammatic.

When Moore writes about Ireland, anger and sorrow have the ascendancy of his observation. The hero of his 1970 novel *Fergus* called Ireland "a series of misadventure under priestly instruction." In this book, Moore goes much further, and with uncompromising ferocity uncovers the ugliness behind the blue-eyed mask of charm and friendliness that the Irish present to the world. He reveals an insular, xenophobic people tormented by morality, drunkenness, superstitions, irrational violence, and often persons that include incest.

Manxan's relatives in the village of Drogheda in West Cork are wild, slovenly and primitive. Nevertheless, Jamie becomes the sexual prisoner of 18-year-old Kathleen Manxan. He sees of his brother's fictional portraits of a woman (Moore often pits strong women against

weak men), he draws her as a ruthless gold digger, with the face of a saint and the cornal skills of a whore. Yet she has suffered, too. What was the distant nightmare that so wounded her psyche that she has "turns" during which she screams dementally? What was the unspeakable and bloody deed that haunts the Manxan house called Gorteen? The story has become a customary code—by this time Moore has met a spell that holds the reader in excited fascination, the introduction of the supernatural being another turn of the screw. The digressive type of Manxan's double seems to become a thing of evil, an obsession. "An Exile," the companion of his journey, open glittering greenish in the shimmering light from its delicate copper surface. It would be under to give away any more of the plot. It is enough to say that the Manxan inheritance of the title is passed: the \$800,000 bequest from his wife and a world-famous history that contains "consuming hints of prophecy" for Jamie.

As always, Moore writes superbly. This book is fraught with the subtlest irony and subtleties of language. It also has some of Moore's most risky textual evocations of New York with its raw and open landscapes, of Montreal and Ireland. His relentlessly truthful writing will not win him many friends in Ireland, but it will add robust to his international stature as a novelist. *The Manxan* is Moore's best novel since *An Answer From Limbo* (1982) a work of art from the hand of a master. **Habet de Sestase**

#### MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

##### FICTION

- 1 *The Last Emancipation, Stewart* (1)
- 2 *The Maltese Circle, Luffan* (2)
- 3 *Good as Gold, Heller* (3)
- 4 *Edwards, Tverand* (4)
- 5 *War and Remembrance, Hook* (5)
- 6 *Sophia's Choice, Spence* (6)
- 7 *The Island, Bancher* (8)
- 8 *Chapman, Moulton* (7)
- 9 *The Third World War, Neill* (10)
- 10 *Sphinx, Cook*

##### NONFICTION

- 1 *How to Invest Your Money and Profit From Inflation, Doherty* (1)
- 2 *Crash Shores, Martin* (2)
- 3 *Revised Reason, Truller* (3)
- 4 *The Complete Book of Medical Diet, Tannen* (4)
- 5 *Loose-Leaf Book of Myself, Roca* (14)
- 6 *Brace a Book, Spence* (15)
- 7 *The Power That Is, Hollander* (16)
- 8 *Moments of Myself, Crawford* (17)
- 9 *The Morose and the Small, Thomas* (18)
- 10 *The White House, Shale*

\* Figures are based on the list of the Canadian Publishers Association.



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charge. After making hundreds of dollars in polo-sponsoring contests with the likes of Ed Broadbent in high school, Marshall spent two years at the University of Toronto, skipping literature classes to play poker and bridge to pay for his "overpriced education." At the age of 15, he married and went to work for Procter and Gamble; when he left, two years later, he was winning speeches for the president. In 1960, Marshall formed the first of several partnerships with professor G.H. Taylor. They tried everything from concert production to a one-season stint at owning a nightclub in Jamaica. Their best remembered venture, however, was a feature film—*Phob*, as it was known in Canada where it flopped. In the U.S., as *Victor Frankenstein*, MS did a roaring trade at drive-ins.

In 1968, Marshall formed a new partnership with ex-architect Hank Van der Kolk, a production assistant on *Phob*. The two made a business of documentary and promotional films, coloring through Marshall's longest formal sub-buffet from film—three years as former Toronto mayor David Crombie's \$100-a-day assistant. (Marshall claims that winning the first election and then losing it at city hall wasn't all that different from making film production problems.) He and Van der Kolk burst into the big time two years ago with their first feature, *Outrageous*, the unlikely story of the friendship between a schizophrenic and a drug addict. They made the film as a prayer and \$167,000—less than the helicopter bill in *Apocalypse Now*—with another \$25,000 they sent Cobi to flex his muscles in the Cannes and New York markets. As hoped new law, the film performed in New York to rare raves—*Candorina* cinema. The only wacked fairy was Toronto, with bad to indifferent critical response. In this day, Marshall is convinced that opening at home would have killed the film.

If there is any credo the film business holds dear, it is that you are only as good as your last film, and Marshall and Van der Kolk wanted no time in collecting the credit on *Outrageous*. *WMD* *Movie Bank*, filmed last summer with Lynch, Blair and Al Waxman, drew a healthy \$1.35 million (U.S.) in television sales from CBC and Time-Life. The partners have also peddled their future with a tidy, three-picture package worth \$30 million. Director Jule Dassin began the

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charge. After making hundreds of dollars in polo-sponsoring contests with the likes of Ed Broadbent in high school, Marshall spent two years at the University of Toronto, skipping literature classes to play poker and bridge to pay for his "overpriced education." At the age of 15, he married and went to work for Procter and Gamble; when he left, two years later, he was winning speeches for the president. In 1960, Marshall formed the first of several partnerships with professor G.H. Taylor. They tried everything from concert production to a one-season stint at owning a nightclub in Jamaica. Their best remembered venture, however, was a feature film—*Phob*, as it was known in Canada where it flopped. In the U.S., as *Victor Frankenstein*, MS did a roaring trade at drive-ins.

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the government "is the main rule in the game since since the fast play from those being squashed off the board—*as that McCabe is pulling the dice for his favorites, granting a small stake of the moralist's* (see the policy as a necessary shakedown of the dilettantes." It's not a closed shop, but the great prohibition will fade away. The rising will survive and the rest will go back to

Not out in Marshall's ready to play in international circuits, he's likely to grab some control of the game from the men who dominate the board—the U.S. major studios. Fed up with the struggle-bell the Americans have on film distribution in Canada, Marshall and Van der Kolk joined forces last week with five other producers—Robert Cooper and Ron Cohen (*Kanawha*), Robert Lantos and Stephen Roth (*In Pursuit of Cedar Womans*) and Jon Sias (*First Blood*)—putting the finishing touches on the Producers' Releasing Organization, a distribution company that will release at least eight pictures a year. Possible screenplays:

Happily ever after? There are many who find the Bill Marshall rap-to-rhymes story a lot much to realize. "Bill has accomplished a great deal and he's bound to irritate people," says Wayne Clarkson. "Film-making is always a battlefield. You're competing for scripts, you're competing for money, you're competing for headlines. And when you win your fair share, somebody's losing." But it goes deeper than that. A shame cut to a major film is

Most unlimited books and an assistant

curly hair, the one Marshall prevented a cut, "I'm sorry, but Mr Marshall hasn't done anything of merit." Marshall is a stone through the stained glass window of the shrine is Canadian film, the one that pays tribute on a beaded knee to the founder of the National Film Board, John Grierson. The Marshall is a Canadian member of the Association of Motion Picture Producers, scoffs "The old guard is in a rage about what happened to their place in the industry. The argument says, 'Out of the hands of Grierson, into the clutched hands of the new breed.' Grierson didn't have anything to do with feature films, he was in documentary. He was the only one in the film industry here in the '30s and '40s, it's not the only industry here."

Fierity and charming—and stubborn—Marshall has a bite as tough as his back talk. And deep down, critics bore him. "People mistake self-confidence and assertiveness for bluster and self-promotion. If I think something's a good thing, it doesn't matter very much if wrong-headed people try to stop me." In fact, it probably helps. "Now the federal minister of health and welfare and still one of Marshall's closest friends, David Crombie says, 'There are three things you know about Bob: He is determined to succeed, he is not prone to compromise. Secondly, he is irreverent, and thirdly, he has a sense of humor, simplicity and gentleness, including his own. And thirdly, he has an internal discipline that most people miss. He's a man of substance.'" Crombie checks his

But "And he's absolutely trashy." That transgressive must play a part in Marshall's ability to master the perfect business marriage. The furthest these relations go—with Crombie by the way—is to a point of estrangement by the absence of contracts. When they talk, he insists that Marshall sign some documents, Crombie devotes for him a simple, "The paper may live or may die but he wants" (4) all his partnerships, the one to his wife took the longest to sign. After a while, Crombie, a former inmate, which included Jay Ann's two-month marriage to someone else, the two married this May on the stage at 21 McGill, a post Toronto women's club. As Ann, a past-time has office and on-model, says there are two things that she likes about her husband, "one is he is driven by money and that he will never have a lot. If there is any frustration right now, it's because he's so close to what he wants, which is to be a millionaire," she says. "I don't think it will ever happen because his money will always be sunk in his own work."

Rumors done a short list of Marshall's past projects. It's hard to find a connecting thread: marijuana, raising rabbits, hydroponic gardening, a basement mood-modifying drugs. Right are his books, *How to Grow Marijuana* (1970) with Paul Hefner, *How to Grow Rabbits* (last spring) and *McClafferty and Stennard* just a six-figure advance for *Dreadlock*, a mystery he is co-authoring with writer Robert Miller under the joint pseudonym of Low Anthony. For the moment, however, says one of the large amounts of time he spends on his reality-creeks are endless numbers of books. He reads 15 a week and as many scripts—and a personal assistant. "Once I make a brilliant decision, somebody has to make it take place," he says. "I've always applied to find out: that's it."

In a life that changes tracks so often that a boy might, there is one constant—producing films. Marshall swears he is at his best, certain that he has mastered the phrase rule: "There's a great depth in producing pictures. I see directors so often in the industry—they're very good and they lead in the way of the world, but they're not really a field marshal—grand strategy." Somewhere in that strategy Marshall has plotted Malcolm Lowry's *Under the Volcano* and certainly none *Frigoletto*—*Timber Is the Night*. But there is something in him that contradicts the notion of *for-the-rest-of-my-life*. "Some people come out of it that they can give 10 years from now [telling that story]. I hear people saying that I should be a writer because I know the window what secret they have learned that makes them so sure," he

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## A single drop of blood speaks louder than gore

TIME AFTER TIME  
Directed by Nicholas Meyer

The idea is patently absurd: Imagine yourself, over cocktails or coffee, trying to explain how this movie, *Time After Time*, is about H.G. Wells tracking Jack the Ripper from the London of 1986 to the San Francisco of 1909. Chances are you'll become exasperated at the sound of your own words. Anybody too polite to get up and go to the bathroom may ask how it's done, and you'll have to say that first, the Ripper steals Wells's time machine and then the machine comes back, and Wells... ah... never mind.

*Time After Time*, however, is a most enjoyable movie. Once you get over the absurdity of the idea, everything falls nicely and enters into lovely and logical sequences. The director, and the screenplay, and the totality of the acting (Malcolm McDowell is simply perfect as the gen-

tle and sinister Wells; David Warner, full of world-weary cynicism and underplayed pathos, is as effective a Ripper as ever manned the screen. And Mary Steenburgen, who made her screen debut in the ill-fated Jack Nicholson film, *Good Shots*, has all the charm, presence and skill of Diane Keaton, in her role as Wells's San Francisco lover and the Ripper's amazing victim.

Perhaps the most amazing thing about *Time After Time* is that it works on so many levels. Ignoring the trend toward explicit violence, Meyer manages to increase the impact of the Ripper's crimes, in one sense the horror is brought home by a single drop of blood that splashes just under Warner's eye and runs slowly down his cheek. The love story between Wells and Amy Roberts is as believable as one between a liberated 20th-century man and a liberated 19th-century woman can be. She is working in a bank when he comes in, Norfolk jacket, wing collar and all, to exchange his 80-year-old pounds for dollars. She plucks him up, explaining to

McDowell in the shadow of the Ripper: a big Mac with ties and a nice cap of tea

her co-worker that, "At least he's not gay—and I like the way he talks." And not to be ignored is the way Wells attempts to cope with this crazy new world he has taken himself into. Watching him order a Big Mac with fries (and tea) is almost as funny as seeing him bill his first cab, and handle a telephone. But if he is the man-child to the surprised land, the Ripper is in his true element, roaming his madhouse in San Francisco's North Beach—an area that makes *Wuthering of the 1890s* look like the grounds of a halfway if there's any good message to this film, it is that despite Wells's insane predictions of a socialist world utopia, the world hasn't got any better but only more efficient at being worse. Looking at a television picture of assassinations, war, starvation and misogyny, the Ripper says something at least as profound: "Ninety years ago I was a freak. Now I'm an assassin." John Gault



## Lost in a city of broken fixtures

EL SUPER  
Directed by László Koltai and  
Claude Jutra

Somebody once said that everyone is in New York for a purpose: someone who would anyone live there? *El Super*, made on a minuscule budget of \$50,000, is about people who live there for no particular purpose, specifically an exiled Cuban named Roberto (Raymando Hidalgo-Gato) who is dying to get out. Roberto is the

superintendent of a gritty low-rise who has to cope with screaming tenants, broken fixtures, garbage, noise and the general hell of living in New York with no money. His daughter (Elizabeth Peña), whose room is decorated with posters of Sylvester Stallone and John Travolta, goes disco dancing, smokes pot and eventually gets pregnant. He loves his wife (Dolly Martinez) and the loves him, but living in a basement apartment adds to their sense of delinquency. And there's the language: "I can't stand English first thing in the morning," says his wife.

The Cubans in *El Super* are genuinely displaced people they yearn for their real home and they can't, or won't, adjust to the language. When a building inspector arrives, Roberto has to have a neighbor act as translator and the scene becomes an hilarious litany of slang, obnoxious and nodding heads and winks. The halls of the building are freezing, Roberto finds a dead mouse in a window, gets hit, frays to death.

This isn't the bright, almost surreal New York of *Taxi Driver* or the chic, dilapidated world of *Midnight Run*. It's a place where people are cold, tired, de-

pressed and often slightly crazy. Roberto himself feels crushed—lost—stagnant, seeing grey, gritty skies and poor people miserably slipping coffee in auto mats. Like the characters in Chekhov's *The Three Sisters* who keep talking about going to Moscow, Roberto wants desperately to get away from his Moscow in Miami. Shot in a style resembling *cinéma vérité*, *El Super* is about a rust-eating waiting pot. There's a great deal of affection for the people in it, and a view of life that is, in painful honesty, touching and true. Lawrence O'Toole

## Just a touch too much perfume

A NOUS D'EN  
Directed by Claude Lelouch

Claude Lelouch doesn't make movies; they're more like narrations that he writes and not writes. He has pain and pretensions. Best known of the lot, and Lelouch's biggest hit, was *A Man and a Woman* in which romantic love was equated with windshield wipers and rain, and it which the street was to express seemed to be the only solution of a Grand Prix racing driver. The lovers grappled under the sheets in the straits of Francis La's music and talked and talked and... Lelouch might have invented a new genre with that one—pantaléon and it certainly continues in *A Nous Deux*.

The endearing aspect of *Toronto's Festival of Fountains, A Nous Deux* (which translates as *To Us Two*, as in the toast, and not *An Adventure For Two* as the publicity cult film) is a tradition of French kitsch which, if there's a God, will not permit this. Claude-Lelouch's production starts with Deneuve as the son of an outlaw who becomes one himself and who meets up with Catherine Deneuve while on the run. Deneuve, who was once raped, has turned into a play dominant where who hates man and plays the odds to console himself. They become the *Ben-Hur* and *Clayde of the Riverina*, skip the country, go to Quebec (this is a co-production) and wind up in the Big Apple. Sprung sentimentality for outdoor made, Lelouch's big problem is that he can't tell a simple story without long, lingering, boring shots that, to be kind, make the viewer. There are two tales about love and love: "Fountain of the Love—It takes a little patience." Not nearly as much patience as this thing requires.

Deneuve may actually improve someday if someone decides to meet a gun in hand and make him move. The movie is Deneuve. At one point, a police alert goes out for her, noting that she's wearing a mask-like jacket. That's because she's Chanel No. 5. *A Nous Deux* terminates with a song about "Fighting and Loving" that is destined for the Howl of Pans. Then you stagger out. L. OT.

## Too cute to cut it

FROM HEAVY  
Directed by Don DeLoach

*From Heavy* is Canada's answer to *Little House on the Prairie*: hand times in the bedrooms and lots of *erie*/'n' *love*. The title character



Fields, Samson in kind in village kids

played by Will Sampson, the estranged Indian in *One Fine Day* (the *Curious* Next, is called a *pay-cake*—a drabber Indian nobody loves—and the story is told as an idyllic love romance by a boy named *Curly* (Charles Foy). Who knew Fish Hawk's true worth? Yes, it's one of those Fish Hawk kills a man-eating bear. Fish Hawk gives up because of guilt when his dog is killed by said bear. Fish Hawk is kind to the local village Indian (Jeffrey Brown) who collects colored beads and views the world differently through them. Fish Hawk is human, you know—just like you and me. Well, thanks a hell of a lot for that insight.

Samuel Henshaw's script is more pure and less Shelly, who used to care more about *Good Housekeeping* than *Rolling Stone*. *From Heavy* shoots it all straight, but his direction, similar to the way he did on *Second Wind*, is forced and without rhythm. The movie is organized like an *sky tv* movie. Is this the "Hollywood" movie he has been talking about making? (Actually, Shelly was called in on the project quite late.) Nice to know Canada can be as bad as Burbank.

What does his humanity and warmth there is in *From Heavy* comes from Will Sampson. With his rich, Midland voice and his big, gentle hands he has a strong and soothing presence. There's a scene where he looks at an old photograph of himself and his dead wife and child. In the photo the family could pass for white. As you watch his eyes dig into the picture you wonder what he's feeling. Longtime "Borrow" Anger at seeing an Indian? All good acting leaves you with the option of thinking that characters are much more than they appear to be, or that bad movies make them appear to be. L. OT.

## 'This leader of youth sent onto the ice his finest barbarians and bench warmers'

By Alan Fotheringham

**P**unch McLean is a teacher of barbarians. He is, by all standards, a most successful teacher of barbarians. The junior hockey team that he coaches and mentors has won the Memorial Cup the past two years. He has practiced his particular brand of barbarism for 18 years, the first nine in the Saskatchewan town of Estevan, the past nine in New Westminster, a third suburban department just up the Fraser River from Vancouver. The New West-

minster Bruins play in a shambaling drive rink called the Queen's Park Arena. Major Man Koon is a Bruins fan and likes to watch Punc from the adjacent sawmill struggle in from the beer parlor and set up electronic chains of "bullshit" and more pungent four-letterisms at the occasions of the referee with which they disagree. It is a scene most educational to anyone who wishes to understand Canada.

As a new hockey season opens, to display the skills of the sport we supposedly exported to the world, it is useful to examine what has happened to our game. This is what has happened: On March 22, the New Westminster Bruins met the Portland Winter Hawks in Queen's Park Arena. It was the final regular season game. A meaningless game, since both teams had qualified for the playoffs. There were only four seasons left and the Bruins had already lost the game 4-1. All that remained was a fan-off in the Portland end.

Punch McLean, this leader of youth, sent onto the ice his finest barbarians, henchmen and bench warmers playing out of position. As the puck was dropped, the Bruins discarded their gloves and sticks and attacked with a howl. McLean sent the entire Bruins team over the boards. Portland Coach Ken Hodge



held his team back. That made it 18 Bruins on the ice against five Winter Hawks. The Bruins' Boris Pistrer made for a Portland player, Blake Wesley, who attempted to skate away. Pistrer knocked him to the ice with a blow to his throat. Wesley attempted to cover up

onto the ice. Pistrer slugged him, fell to the floor, sending his glasses flying and causing headshots that lasted for two days. Hodge, at the dropping of the puck, knocked Portland's Jim Dobson to the ice with a blow to his head. Terry Korhonen, 26, and Richard Arneson, 16, came to assist Hodge. The three of them proceeded to admonish a beating to Dobson. In the words of a judge who would later try them, "two of the Bruins would hold Dobson's arms while the third would hit him in the face and chest area. They would then switch positions, with one of the three doing the hitting on the other two held Dobson."

Dobson's head was also smashed several times onto the Plexiglas above the boards. In a pitiful scene replicated for TV watchers with strong stomachs, a Portland player crawled desperately toward his bench, half-conscious, smothered animal wailing sobs.

John Paul Kelly, the New Westminster captain, skated to the Portland bench, swung his stick like a scythe and



swathed Coach Hodge on his wrist, demolishing him wristwatch. In the dressing room the arriving Portland players were in a state. Their top player, Keith Brown, possibly the best playing junior defenceman since Bobby Orr, was taken out late in the game because of the obvious intent of the McLean game to cripple him for the playoffs. Their next best player, Perry Turshoff, was injured out in the second period when Pistrer high-elbowed him into the boards and Turshoff swallowed his tongue. There were 100 penalty minutes in the game, 156 of them to New Westminster.

It all fits. This is the Punch McLean who boasts that he produced Dave Schultz. The Bruins perfected the ultimate Canadian art form: the brawl during warm-ups before the game. McLean was once suspended for 50 games for slugging a referee skating past his bench. When the Bruins, an Memorial Cup champs, were to go to Finland last year to the World Junior Championships, the Association of Sports, Jeux Can-

adiens, told an briefing from External Affairs types and as a last resort had Bobby Orr deliver a lecture on deportment abroad.

McLean's barbarism of March 22, significantly, happened just weeks after this country's sluggish skills were cruelly exposed by a 4-0 slaughter by the Soviet Pistrer and Kelly, typically, were the two Bruins selected in the 1984 draft. Seven of the Bruins in the post-busting were changed in B.C. provincial court and, strangely, were given conditional discharges. Judge J.K. Shaw, while having the players from hockey until Dec. 1, ruled: "These young men are manipulated—apparently largely—by the owners and coaches to do exactly what they are told." Coach McLean responded by saying: "That's his opinion. My style of coaching is going to remain the same."

As a result during the trial, a striking theme Pistrer is grossly signed autographs for admiring young boys. Har-



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